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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ALEX. POPE, ESQ.

838

WITH HIS LAST

CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,

AND

IMPROVEMENTS.

FROM THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire:
And taught the World with reason to admire. P.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOJI'S SARASWATI MAHAL.

VOL. IV.

EDINBURGH:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1776.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

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FROM

THE TEXT OF DR. WARBURTON.

VOL. IV.

CONTAINING HIS

DUNCIAD.

WITH

ADVERTISEMENTS,	*INDEX OF PERSONS,*
PREFACES,	*INDEX OF MATTERS,*
LETTERS,	*PARALLELS,*

&c. &c. &c.

EDINBURG:

AT THE Apollo Press, BY THE MARTINS.

Anno 1776.

A LETTER TO THE PUBLISHER.

Occasioned by the first correct edition of

THE DUNCIAD.

It is with pleasure I hear that you have procured a correct copy of the Dunciad, which the many surreptitious ones have rendered so necessary; and it is yet with more that I am informed it will be attended with a Commentary; a work so requisite, that I cannot think the Author himself would have omitted it, had he approved of the first appearance of this Poem.

Such Notes as have occurred to me I herewith send you: you will oblige me by inserting them amongst those which are, or will be, transmitted to you by others; since not only the Author's friends, but even strangers, appear engaged, by humanity, to take some care of an Orphan of so much genius and spirit, which its Parent seems to have abandoned from the very beginning, and suffered to step into the world naked, unguarded, and unattended.

It was upon reading some of the abusive papers lately published, that my great regard to a person whose friendship I esteem as one of the chief honours of my life, and a much greater respect to truth than

to him or any man living, engaged me in enquiries of which the enclofed Notes are the fruit.

I perceived that moft of thefe authors had been (doubtlefs very wifely) the firft aggreffors. They had tried, till they were weary, what was to be got by railing at each other: no body was either concerned or furprifed if this or that fcribbler was proved a dunce, but every one was curious to read what could be faid to prove Mr. Pope one, and was ready to pay fomething for fuch a difcovery; a ftratagem which, would they fairly own it, might not only reconcile them to me, but fcreen them from the refentment of their lawful fuperiors, whom they daily abufe, only (as I charitably hope) to get that *by* them, which they cannot get *from* them.

I found this was not all: ill fuccefs in that had tranfported them to perfonal abufe either of himfelf, or (what I think he could lefs forgive) of his friends. They had called men of virtue and honour bad men, long before he had either leifure or inclination to call them bad writers; and fome had been fuch old offenders, that he had quite forgotten their perfons, as well as their flanders, till they were pleafed to revive them.

Now, what had Mr. Pope done before to incenfe them? He had publifhed thofe Works which are in the hands of every body, in which not the leaft mention is made of any of them. And what has he done

ſince? He has laughed, and written the Dunciad. What has that ſaid of them? A very ſerious truth, which the Public had ſaid before, that they were dull; and what it had no ſooner ſaid, but they themſelves were at great pains to procure, or even purchaſe, room in the prints to teſtify under their hands to the truth of it.

I ſhould ſtill have been ſilent, if either I had ſeen any inclination in my friend to be ſerious with ſuch accuſers, or if they had only meddled with his writings; ſince whoever publiſhes puts himſelf on his trial by his country: but when his moral character was attacked, and in a manner from which neither truth nor virtue can ſecure the moſt innocent; in a manner which, though it annihilates the credit of the accuſation with the juſt and impartial, yet aggravates very much the guilt of the accuſers, I mean by authors without names; then I thought, ſince the danger was common to all, the concern ought to be ſo; and that it was an act of juſtice to detect the authors, not only on this account, but as many of them are the ſame who, for ſeveral years paſt, have made free with the greateſt names in Church and State, expoſed to the world the private misfortunes of families, abuſed all, even to women, and whoſe proſtituted papers (for one or other party in the unhappy diviſions of their country) have inſulted the fallen, the friendleſs, the exiled, and the dead.

Besides this, which I take to be a public concern, I have already confessed I had a private one. I am one of that number who have long loved and esteemed Mr. Pope; and had often declared it was not his capacity or writings, (which we ever thought the least valuable part of his character) but the honest, open, and beneficent man, that we most esteemed and loved in him. Now, if what these people say were believed, I must appear to all my friends either a fool or a knave; either imposed on myself, or imposing on them; so that I am as much interested in the confutation of these calumnies as he is himself.

I am no author, and consequently not to be suspected either of jealousy or resentment against any of the men, of whom scarce one is known to me by sight; and as for their writings, I have sought them (on this one occasion) in vain, in the closets and libraries of all my acquaintance. I had still been in the dark, if a gentleman had not procured me (I suppose from some of themselves, for they are generally much more dangerous friends than enemies) the passages I send you. I solemnly protest I have added nothing to the malice or absurdity of them; which it behoves me to declare, since the vouchers themselves will be so soon and so irrecoverably lost. You may, in some measure, prevent it, by preserving at least their titles *, and

* Which we have done in a List hereto subjoined.

discovering (as far as you can depend on the truth of your information) the names of the concealed authors.

The first objection I have heard made to the Poem is, that the persons are too *obscure* for satire. The persons themselves, rather than allow the objection, would forgive the satire; and if one could be tempted to afford it a serious answer, were not all assassinates, popular insurrections, the insolence of the rabble without doors, and of domestics within, most wrongfully chastised, if the meanness of offenders indemnified them from punishment? On the contrary, obscurity renders them more dangerous, as less thought of: law can pronounce judgment only on open facts: morality alone can pass censure on intentions of mischief; so that for secret calumny, or the arrow flying in the dark, there is no public punishment left but what a good writer inflicts.

The next objection is, that these sort of authors are *poor*. That might be pleaded as an excuse at the Old Bailey for lesser crimes than defamation, (for it is the case of almost all who are tried there), but sure it can be none here: for who will pretend that the robbing another of his reputation supplies the want of it in himself? I question not but such authors are poor, and heartily wish the objection were removed by any honest livelihood; but poverty is here the accident, not the subject. He who describes malice and villany to be pale and meagre, expresses not the

leaſt anger againſt paleneſs or leanneſs, but againſt malice and villany. The Apothecary in Romeo and Juliet is poor; but is he therefore juſtified in vending poiſon? Not but poverty itſelf becomes a juſt ſubject of ſatire, when it is the conſequence of vice, prodigality, or neglect of one's lawful calling; for then it increaſes the public burden, fills the ſtreets and highways with robbers, and the garrets with clippers, coiners, and weekly Journaliſts.

But admitting that two or three of theſe offend leſs in their morals than in their writings, muſt poverty make nonſenſe ſacred? If ſo, the fame of bad authors would be much better conſulted than that of all the good ones in the world; and not one of an hundred had ever been called by his right name.

They miſtake the whole matter: it is not charity to encourage them in the way they follow, but to get them out of it; for men are not bunglers becauſe they are poor, but they are poor becauſe they are bunglers.

Is it not pleaſant enough to hear our authors crying out on the one hand, as if their perſons and characters were too ſacred for ſatire; and the Public objecting on the other, that they are too mean even for ridicule? But whether bread or fame be their end, it muſt be allowed our Author, by and in this Poem, has mercifully given them a little of both.

There are two or three who, by their rank and fortune, have no benefit from the former objections,

fuppofing them good, and thefe I was forry to fee in fuch company: but if, without any provocation, two or three gentlemen will fall upon one, in an affair wherein his intereft and reputation are equally embarked, they cannot, certainly, after they have been content to print themfelves his enemies, complain of being put into the number of them.

Others, I am told, pretend to have been once his friends. Surely they are their enemies who fay fo, fince nothing can be more odious than to treat a friend as they have done. But of this I cannot perfuade myfelf, when I confider the conftant and eternal averfion of all bad writers to a good one.

Such as claim a merit from being his admirers, I would gladly afk, if it lays him under a perfonal obligation? At that rate he would be the moft obliged humble fervant in the world. I dare fwear for thefe in particular, he never defired them to be his admirers, nor promifed, in return, to be theirs: that had truly been a fign he was of their acquaintance; but would not the malicious world have fufpected fuch an approbation of fome motive worfe than ignorance, in the Author of the Effay on Criticifm? Be it as it will, the reafons of their admiration and of his contempt are equally fubfifting, for his works and theirs are the very fame that they were.

One, therefore, of their affertions I believe may be true, "that he has a contempt for their writings."

And there is another which would probably be ſooner allowed by himſelf than by any good judge beſide, "that his own have found too much ſucceſs with the "Public." But as it cannot conſiſt with his modeſty to claim this as a juſtice, it lies not on him, but entirely on the Public, to defend its own judgment.

There remains what, in my opinion, might ſeem a better plea for theſe people than any they have made uſe of. If *obſcurity* or *poverty* were to exempt a man from ſatire, much more ſhould *folly* or *dulneſs*, which are ſtill more involuntary; nay, as much ſo as perſonal deformity. But even this will not help them: deformity becomes an object of ridicule when a man ſets up for being handſome; and ſo muſt dulneſs, when he ſets up for a wit. They are not ridiculed becauſe ridicule in itſelf is, or ought to be, a pleaſure; but becauſe it is juſt to undeceive and vindicate the honeſt and unpretending part of mankind from impoſition; becauſe particular intereſt ought to yield to general, and a great number who are not naturally fools, ought never to be made ſo, in complaiſance to thoſe who are. Accordingly we find that, in all ages, all vain pretenders, were they ever ſo poor, or ever ſo dull, have been conſtantly the topics of the moſt candid ſatiriſts, from the Codrus of Juvenal to the Damon of Boileau.

Having mentioned Boileau, the greateſt poet and moſt judicious critic of his age and country, admirable for his talents, and yet, perhaps, more admirable for

his judgment in the proper application of them, I cannot help remarking the reſemblance betwixt him and our Author in qualities, fame, and fortune; in the diſtinctions ſhewn them by their ſuperiors, in the general eſteem of their equals, and in their extended reputation amongſt foreigners; in the latter of which ours has met with the better fate, as he has had for his tranſlators perſons of the moſt eminent rank and abilities in their reſpective nations *. But the reſemblance holds in nothing more than in their being equally abuſed by the ignorant pretenders to poetry of their times; of which not the leaſt memory will remain but in their own writings, and in the notes made upon them. What Boileau has done in almoſt all his poems, our Author has only in this: I dare anſwer for him he will do it in no more; and on this principle, of attacking few but who had ſlandered him, he could not have done it at all, had he been confined from cenſuring obſcure and worthleſs perſons, for ſcarce any other were his enemies. However, as the

* Eſſay on Criticiſm, in French verſe, by General Hamilton; the ſame, in verſe alſo, by Monſieur Roboton, counſellor and privy ſecretary to King George I. after by the Abbe Reynel, in verſe, with notes. Rape of the Lock, in French, by the Princeſs of Conti, Paris, 1728; and in Italian verſe by the Abbe Conti, a noble Venetian; and by the Marquis Rangoni, envoy extraordinary from Modena to King George II. Others of his works by Salvini of Florence, *&c.* His Eſſays and Diſſertations on Homer, ſeveral times tranſlated into French. Eſſay on Man, by the Abbe Reynel, in verſe: by Monſieur Silhouet, in proſe, 1737; and ſince by others in French, Italian, and Latin.

parity is ſo remarkable, I hope it will continue to the laſt; and if ever he ſhould give us an edition of this Poem himſelf, I may ſee ſome of them treated as gently, on their repentance or better merit, as Perrault and Quinault were at laſt by Boileau.

In one point I muſt be allowed to think the character of our Engliſh poet the more amiable. He has not been a follower of fortune or ſucceſs; he has lived with the great without flattery; been a friend to men in power without penſions, from whom, as he aſked, ſo he received, no favour, but what was done him in his friends. As his Satires were the more juſt for being delayed, ſo were his Panegyrics; beſtowed only on ſuch perſons as he had familiarly known, only for ſuch virtues as he had long obſerved in them, and only at ſuch times as others ceaſe to praiſe, if not begin to calumniate them, I mean when out of power, or out of faſhion *. A ſatire, therefore, on writers ſo notorious for the contrary practice, became no man ſo well as himſelf; as none, it is plain, was ſo little in their friendſhips, or ſo much in that of thoſe whom they had moſt abuſed, namely, the greateſt and beſt of all parties. Let me add a further reaſon, that,

* As Mr. Wycherley, at the time the Town declaimed againſt his book of Poems; Mr. Walſh, after his death; Sir William Trumball, when he had reſigned the office of ſecretary of ſtate; Lord Bolingbroke, at his leaving England, after the Queen's death; Lord Oxford, in his laſt decline of life; Mr. Secretary Craggs, at the end of the South-ſea year, and after his death: others only in Epitaphs.

though engaged in their friendſhips, he never eſpouſed their animoſities; and can almoſt ſingly challenge this honour, not to have written a line of any man which, through guilt, through ſhame, or through fear, thro' variety of fortune, or change of intereſts, he was ever unwilling to own.

I ſhall conclude with remarking what a pleaſure it muſt be to every reader of humanity to ſee all along that our Author, in his very laughter, is not indulging his own ill nature, but only puniſhing that of others. As to his Poem, thoſe alone are capable of doing it juſtice who, to uſe the words of a great writer, know how hard it is (with regard both to his ſubject and his manner) *vetuſtis dare novitatem, obſoletis nitorem, obſcuris lucem, faſtiditis gratiam.* I am

Your moſt humble ſervant,

St. James's,
Dec. 22, 1728.

WILLIAM CLELAND *.

* This gentleman was of Scotland, and bred at the univerſity of Utrecht with the Earl of Mar. He ſerved in Spain under Earl Rivers. After the peace, he was made one of the commiſſioners of the cuſtoms in Scotland, and then of taxes in England; in which having ſhewn himſelf for twenty years diligent, punctual, and incorruptible, (though without any other aſſiſtance of fortune) he was ſuddenly diſplaced by the miniſter, in the ſixty-eighth year of his age, and died two months after, in 1741. He was a perſon of univerſal learning, and an enlarged converſation; no man had a warmer heart for his friend, or a ſincerer attachment to the conſtitution of his country. And yet, for all this, the Public would never believe him to be the author of this Letter.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

HIS PROLEGOMENA AND ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE DUNCIAD.

WITH THE HYPERCRITICS OF ARISTARCHUS.

DENNIS, *Remarks on Pr. Arthur.*

I CANNOT but think it the moſt reaſonable thing in the world to diſtinguiſh good writers, by diſcouraging the bad: nor is it an ill-natured thing, in relation even to the very perſons upon whom the reflections are made. It is true, it may deprive them a little the ſooner of a ſhort profit and a tranſitory reputation; but then it may have a good effect, and oblige them (before it be too late) to decline that for which they are ſo very unfit, and to have recourſe to ſomething in which they may be more ſucceſsful.

Character of Mr. P. 1716.

The perſons whom Boileau has attacked in his writings, have been for the moſt part authors, and moſt of thoſe authors poets: and the cenſures he hath paſſed upon them have been confirmed by all Europe.

GILDON, *Pref. to his New Rehearſal.*

It is the common cry of the poetaſters of the Town, and their fautors, that it is an ill-natured thing to expoſe the pretenders to wit and poetry. The judges and magiſtrates may with full as good reaſon be re-

proached with ill-nature for putting the laws in execution againſt a thief or impoſtor.—The ſame will hold in the republic of Letters, if the critics and judges will let every ignorant pretender to ſcribbling paſs on the world.

THEOBALD, *Letter to* MIST. *June* 22, 1728.

Attacks may be levelled either againſt failures in genius, or againſt the pretenſions of writing without one.

CONCANEN, *Ded. to the Author of the Dunciad.*

A Satire upon dulneſs is a thing that has been uſed and allowed in all ages.

Out of thine own mouth will I judge thee, wicked Scribbler!

TESTIMONIES OF AUTHORS

CONCERNING OUR POET AND HIS WORKS.

M. SCRIBLERUS LECTORI S.

BEFORE we preſent thee with our Exercitations on this moſt delectable Poem, (drawn from the many volumes of our *adverſaria* on modern Authors), we ſhall here, according to the laudable uſage of editors, collect the various judgments of the learned concerning our Poet; various, indeed, not only of different au-

thors, but of the ſame author at different ſeaſons. Nor ſhall we gather only the Teſtimonies of ſuch eminent wits as would of courſe deſcend to poſterity, and conſequently be read without our collection; but we ſhall likewiſe, with incredible labour, ſeek out for divers others which, but for this our diligence, could never, at the diſtance of a few months, appear to the eye of the moſt curious. Hereby thou mayſt not only receive the delectation of variety, but alſo arrive at a more certain judgment, by a grave and circumſpect compariſon of the witneſſes with each other, or of each with himſelf. Hence, alſo, thou wilt be enabled to draw reflections not only of a critical, but a moral nature, by being let into many particulars of the perſon as well as genius, and of the fortune as well as merit, of our Author: in which, if I relate ſome things of little concern, peradventure, to thee, and ſome of as little even to him, I intreat thee to conſider how minutely all true critics and commentators are wont to inſiſt upon ſuch, and how material they ſeem to themſelves, if to none other. Forgive me, gentle Reader, if (following learned example) I, ever and anon, become tedious; allow me to take the ſame pains to find whether my Author were good or bad, well or ill natured, modeſt or arrogant, as another whether his author was fair or brown, ſhort or tall, or whether he wore a coat or a caſſock.

We purpoſed to begin with his life, parentage, and

education; but as to these even his contemporaries do exceedingly differ. One saith * he was educated at home; another †, that he was bred at St. Omer's by Jesuits; a third ‡, not at St. Omer's, but at Oxford; a fourth ‖, that he had no university education at all. Those who allow him to be bred at home differ as much concerning his tutor: one saith § he was kept by his father on purpose; a second **, that he was an itinerant priest; a third ††, that he was a parson: one ‡‡ calleth him a secular clergyman of the Church of Rome; another ‖‖, a monk. As little do they agree about his father, whom ⸸ one supposeth, like the father of Hesiod, a tradesman or merchant; another †, a husbandman; another ‡, a hatter, *&c.* Nor has an author been wanting to give our Poet such a father as Apuleius hath to Plato, Jamblichus to Pythagoras, and divers to Homer, namely, a dæmon: for thus Mr. Gildon ‖; "Certain it is

* Giles Jacob's Lives of the Poets, vol. II. in his life. † Dennis's Reflections on the Essay on Criticism, p. 4. ‡ Dunciad Dissected, p. 4. ‖ Guardian, No. 40. § Jacob's Lives, *&c.* vol. II. ** Dunciad Dissected. p. 4. †† Farmer P. and his son. ‡‡ Dunciad Dissected. ‖‖ Characters of the Times, p. 45. ⸸ Female Dunciad, p. ult. † Dunciad Dissected. ‡ Roome, Paraphrase on the 4th of Genesis, printed 1729. ‖ Character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend, printed for S. Popping, 1716, p. 10. Curl, in his Key to the Dunciad, (first edit. said to be printed for A. Dodd) in the 10th page, declared Gildon to be author of that libel; though in the subsequent editions of his Key he left out this assertion, and affirmed (in the Curliad, p. 4. and 8.) that it was written by Dennis only.

"that his original is not from Adam, but the devil; "and that he wanted nothing but horns and tail to be "the exact refemblance of his infernal father." Finding, therefore, fuch contrariety of opinions, and (whatever be ours of this fort of generation) not being fond to enter into controverfy, we fhall defer writing the Life of our Poet till authors can determine among themfelves what parents or education he had, or whether he had any education or parents at all.

Proceed we to what is more certain, his Works; though not lefs uncertain the judgments concerning them; beginning with his Effay on Criticifm, of which hear firft the moft ancient of critics,

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

"His precepts are falfe or trivial, or both; his "thoughts are crude and abortive, his expreffions ab- "furd, his numbers harfh and unmufical, his rhymes "trivial and common.—Inftead of majefty, we have "fomething that is very mean; inftead of gravity, "fomething that is very boyifh; and inftead of per- "fpicuity and lucid order, we have but too often ob- "fcurity and confufion." And in another place; "What rare Numbers are here! would not one fwear "that this youngfter had efpoufed fome antiquated "Mufe, who had fued out a divorce from fome fu- "perannuated finner, upon account of impotence, "and who, being poxed by her former fpoufe, has

"got the gout in her decrepit age, which makes her "hobble so damnably *?"

No leſs peremptory is the cenſure of our hypercritical hiſtorian

MR. OLDMIXON.

"I dare not ſay any thing of the Eſſay on Criti-"ciſm in verſe; but if any more curious reader has "diſcovered in it ſomething *new*, which is not in "Dryden's Prefaces, Dedications, and his Eſſay on "Dramatic poetry, not to mention the French critics, "I ſhould be very glad to have the benefit of the diſ-"covery †."

He is followed (as in fame, ſo in judgment) by the modeſt and ſimple-minded

MR. LEONARD WELSTED,

who, out of great reſpect to our Poet, not naming him, doth yet glance at his Eſſay, together with the Duke of Buckingham's, and the Criticiſms of Dryden, and of Horace, which he more openly taxeth ‡: "As to the numerous treatiſes, eſſays, arts, *&c.* both "in verſe and proſe, that have been written by the "Moderns on this ground-work, they do but hack-"ney the ſame thoughts over again, making them "ſtill more trite. Moſt of their pieces are nothing "but a pert, inſipid heap of common place. Horace

* Reflections Critical and Satirical on a Rhapſody called, An Eſſay on Criticiſm, printed for Bernard Lintot, octavo.

† Eſſay on Criticiſm in proſe, octavo, 1728, by the author of the Critical Hiſtory of England.

‡ Preface to his Poems, p. 18, 53.

"has, even in his Art of Poetry, thrown out feveral "things which plainly fhew he thought an Art of "Poetry was of no ufe, even while he was writing "one."

To all which great authorities we can only oppofe that of

MR. ADDISON.

"* The Art of Criticifm," faith he, "which was "publifhed fome months fince, is a mafterpiece in its "kind. The obfervations follow one another like thofe "in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodi- "cal regularity which would have been requifite in "a profe writer. They are fome of them *uncommon*, "but fuch as the reader muft affent to, when he fees "them explained with that eafe and perfpicuity in "which they are delivered. As for thofe which are "the moft known, and the moft received, they are "placed in fo beautiful a light, and illuftrated with "fuch apt allufions, that they have in them all the "graces of novelty, and make the reader, who was "before acquainted with them, ftill more convinced "of their truth and folidity. And here give me leave "to mention what Monf. Boileau has fo well enlar- "ged upon in the Preface to his Works; that wit "and fine writing doth not confift fo much in ad- "vancing things that are new, as in giving things

* Spectator, No. 253.

" that are known an agreeable turn. It is impoſſible " for us who live in the latter ages of the world to " make obſervations in criticiſm, morality, or any " art or ſcience, which have not been touched upon " by others; we have little elſe left us but to repre- " ſent the common ſenſe of mankind in more ſtrong, " more beautiful, or more uncommon lights. If a " reader examines Horace's Art of Poetry, he will " find but few precepts in it which he may not meet " with in Ariſtotle, and which were not commonly " known by all the poets of the Auguſtan age. His " way of expreſſing and applying them, not his in- " vention of them, is what we are chiefly to admire.

" Longinus, in his Reflexions, has given us the ſame " kind of ſublime which he obſerves in the ſeveral " paſſages that occaſioned them: I cannot but take " notice that our Engliſh Author has, after the ſame " manner, exemplified ſeveral of the precepts in the " very precepts themſelves." He then produces ſome inſtances of a particular beauty in the Numbers, and concludes with ſaying, that " there are three poems " in our tongue of the ſame nature, and each a maſter- " piece in its kind; the Eſſay on Tranſlated Verſe, " the Eſſay on the Art of Poetry, and the Eſſay on " Criticiſm."

Of Windſor Foreſt poſitive is the judgment of the affirmative

MR. JOHN DENNIS.

"* That it is a wretched rhapfody, impudently "writ in emulation of the Cooper's Hill of Sir John "Denham: the author of it is obfcure, is ambiguous, "is affected, is temerarious, is barbarous."

But the author of the Difpenfary,

DR. GARTH,

in the Preface to his poem of Claremont †, differs from this opinion: "Thofe who have feen thefe two ex-"cellent poems of Cooper's Hill and Windfor Foreft, "the one written by Sir John Denham, the other by "Mr. Pope, will fhew a great deal of candour if they "approve of this."

Of the Epiftle of Eloifa, we are told by the obfcure writer of a poem called Sawney, "That becaufe Prior's "Henry and Emma charmed the fineft taftes, our "Author writ his Eloife in oppofition to it, but for-"got innocence and virtue: if you take away her "tender thoughts, and her fierce defires, all the reft "is of no value." In which, methinks, his judgment refembleth that of a French tailor on a villa and gardens by the Thames: "All this is very fine; but "take away the river, and it is good for nothing."

But very contrary hereunto was the opinion of

MR. PRIOR

himfelf, faying, in his Alma ‡,

* Letter to B. B. at the end of the Remarks on Pope's Homer, 1717. † Printed 1728, p. 12. ‡ Alma, canto 2.

"O Abelard! ill fated youth,
"Thy tale will justify this truth:
"But well I weet thy cruel wrong
"Adorns a nobler poet's song:
"Dan Pope, for thy misfortune griev'd,
"With kind concern and skill has weav'd
"A silken web; and ne'er shall fade
"Its colours: gently has he laid
"The mantle oe'r thy sad distress,
"And Venus shall the texture bless, &c.

Come we now to his Translation of the Iliad, celebrated by numerous pens; yet it shall suffice to mention the indefatigable

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE, KT.

who (though otherwise a severe censurer of our Author yet styleth this "a laudable Translation *." That ready writer,

MR. OLDMIXON,

in his fore-mentioned Essay, frequently commends the same. And the painful

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

thus extols it †: "The spirit of Homer breathes all "through this Translation.—I am in doubt whether "I should most admire the justness to the Original, "or the force and beauty of the Language, or the "sounding variety of the Numbers; but when I find "all these meet, it puts me in mind of what the poet "says of one of his heroes, that he alone raised and "flung with ease a weighty stone that two common

* In his Essays, vol. I. printed for E. Curl.
† Censor, vol. II. N. 33.

"men could not lift from the ground; juſt ſo one "ſingle perſon has performed, in this Tranſlation, "what I once deſpaired to have ſeen done by the "force of ſeveral maſterly hands." Indeed the ſame gentleman appears to have changed his ſentiment in his Eſſay on the Art of ſinking in Reputation, (printed in MIST'S JOURNAL, March 30, 1728,) where he ſays thus: "In order to ſink in reputation, let him take "it into his head to deſcend into Homer, (let the "world wonder, as it will, how the devil he got there) "and pretend to do him into Engliſh, ſo his verſion "denote his neglect of the manner how." Strange variation! We are told in

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8.

"That this Tranſlation of the Iliad was not in all "reſpects conformable to the fine taſte of his friend "Mr. Addiſon; inſomuch that he employed a younger "Muſe in an undertaking of this kind, which he ſu-"perviſed himſelf." Whether Mr. Addiſon did find it conformable to his taſte or not, beſt appears from his own teſtimony the year following its publication, in theſe words:

MR. ADDISON, FREEHOLDER, N° 40.

"When I conſider myſelf as a Britiſh freeholder, "I am in a particular manner pleaſed with the la-"bours of thoſe who have improved our language "with the tranſlations of old Greek and Latin au-"thors.—We have already moſt of their hiſtorians

" in our own tongue, and, what is more for the ho-
" nour of our language it has been taught to expreſs
" with elegance the greateſt of their poets in each na-
" tion. The inſtance among our own countrymen
" may learn to judge from Dryden's Virgil of the moſt
" perfect epic performance; and thoſe parts of Ho-
" mer which have been publiſhed already by Mr. Pope,
" give us reaſon to think that the Iliad will appear
" in Engliſh with as little diſadvantage to that im-
" mortal poem."

As to the reſt, there is a ſlight miſtake; for this younger muſe was an elder: nor was the gentleman (who is a friend of our Author) employed by Mr. Addiſon to tranſlate it *after* him, ſince he ſaith himſelf that he did it *before* *. Contrariwiſe, that Mr. Addiſon engaged our Author in this work, appeareth by declaration thereof in the Preface to the Iliad, printed ſome time before his death, and by his own letters of October 26, and November 2, 1713, where he declares it is his opinion, that no other perſon was equal to it.

Next comes his Shakeſpeare on the ſtage: " Let " him" (quoth one, whom I take to be MR. THEOBALD, MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728,)
" publiſh ſuch an author as he has leaſt ſtudied, and
" forget to diſcharge even the dull duty of an editor.

* Vide Preface to Mr. Tickel's Tranſlation of the Firſt Book of the Iliad, 4to.

"In this project let him lend the bookſeller his name "(for a competent ſum of money) to promote the "credit of an exorbitant ſubſcription." Gentle Reader, be pleaſed to caſt thine eye on the Propoſal below quoted, and on what follows (ſome months after the former aſſertion) in the ſame Journaliſt of June 8. "The bookſeller propoſed the book by ſubſcription, "and raiſed ſome thouſands of pounds for the ſame: "I believe the gentleman did *not* ſhare in the profits "of this extravagant ſubſcription."

"After the Iliad, he undertook (ſaith

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728,)

"the ſequel of that work, the Odyſſey; and having "ſecured the ſucceſs by a numerous ſubſcription, he "employed ſome *underlings* to perform what, according to his Propoſals, ſhould come from his own "hands." To which heavy charge we can in truth oppoſe nothing but the words of

MR. POPE'S PROPOSAL for the ODYSSEY, (printed for J. WATTS, Jan. 10, 1724.)

"I take this occaſion to declare, that the ſubſcription "for Shakeſpeare belongs wholly to Mr. Tonſon: "and that the benefit of this Propoſal is not ſolely "for my own uſe, but for that of two of my friends, "who have aſſiſted me in this work." But theſe very gentlemen are extolled above our Poet himſelf in another of MIST'S JOURNALS, March 30, 1728, ſaying, "That he would not adviſe Mr. Pope to try the ex-

"periment again of getting a great part of a book "done by assistants, lest those extraneous parts should "unhappily ascend to the sublime, and retard the "declension of the whole." Behold! these *underlings* are become good writers!

If any say, that before the said Proposals were printed, the subscription was begun, without declaration of such assistance; verily those who set it on foot, or (as the term is) secured it, to wit, the Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Harcourt, were he living, would testify, and the Right Honourable the Lord Bathurst, now living, doth testify, the same is a falsehood.

Sorry I am that persons professing to be learned, or of whatever rank of authors, should either falsely tax, or be falsely taxed. Yet let us, who are only reporters, be impartial in our citations, and proceed.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

"Mr. Addison raised this Author from obscurity, "obtained him the acquaintance and friendship of "the whole body of our nobility, and transferred his "powerful interests with those great men to this ri-"sing bard, who frequently levied, by that means, "unusual contributions on the Public." Which surely cannot be, if, as the author of the Dunciad Dissected reporteth, "Mr. Wycherley had before intro-"duced him into a familiar acquaintance with the "greatest peers and brightest wits then living."

"No ſooner (ſaith the ſame Journaliſt) was his "body lifeleſs, but this Author, reviving his reſentment, libelled the memory of his departed friend; "and, what was ſtill more heinous, made the ſcandal "public." Grievous the accuſation! unknown the accuſer! the perſon accuſed no witneſs in his own cauſe; the perſon, in whoſe regard accuſed, dead! But if there be living any one nobleman whoſe friendſhip, yea, any one gentleman whoſe ſubſcription, Mr. Addiſon procured to our Author, let him ſtand forth, that truth may appear! *Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, ſed magis amica veritas.* In verity, the whole ſtory of the libel is a lie; witneſs thoſe perſons of integrity who, ſeveral years before Mr. Addiſon's deceaſe, did ſee and approve of the ſaid verſes, in no wiſe a libel, but a friendly rebuke, ſent privately, in our Author's own hand, to Mr. Addiſon himſelf, and never made public, till after their own Journals and Curl had printed the ſame. One name alone, which I am here authoriſed to declare, will ſufficiently evince the truth, that of the Right Honourable the Earl of Burlington.

Next is he taxed with a crime (in the opinion of ſome authors, I doubt, more heinous than any in morality) to wit, Plagiariſm, from the inventive and quaint-conceited.

JAMES MOORE-SMITH, Gent.

"* Upon reading the third volume of Pope's Miſ-

* Daily Journal, March 18, 1728.

"cellanies, I found five lines which I thought excel-"lent; and happening to praiſe them, a gentleman "produced a modern comedy (the Rival Modes) "publiſhed laſt year, where were the ſame verſes to "a tittle.

"Theſe gentlemen are undoubtedly the firſt pla-"giaries, that pretend to make a reputation by ſteal-"ing from a man's works in his own life time, and "out of a public print." Let us join to this what is written by the author of the Rival Modes, the ſaid Mr. James Moore-Smith, in a letter to our Author himſelf, who had informed him, a month before that play was acted, Jan. 27, 1726-7, that "theſe verſes, "which he had before given him leave to inſert in it, "would be known for his, ſome copies being got "abroad. He deſires, nevertheleſs, that ſince the lines "had been read in his Comedy to ſeveral, Mr. P. "would not deprive it of them," *&c.* Surely if we add the teſtimonies of the Lord Bolingbroke, of the lady to whom the ſaid verſes were originally addreſſed, of Hugh Bethel, Eſq; and others, who knew them as our Author's, long before the ſaid gentleman compoſed his play, it is hoped the ingenuous, that affect not error, will rectify their opinion by the ſuffrage of ſo honourable perſonages.

And yet followeth another charge, inſinuating no leſs than his enmity both to Church and State, which could come from no other informer than the ſaid

MR. JAMES MOORE-SMITH.

"* The Memoirs of a Pariſh Clerk was a very dull "and unjuſt abuſe of a perſon who wrote in defence "of our religion and conſtitution, and who has been "dead many years." This ſeemeth alſo moſt untrue, it being known to divers that theſe Memoirs were written at the ſeat of the Lord Harcourt, in Oxfordſhire, before that excellent perſon's (Biſhop Burnet) death, and many years before the appearance of that hiſtory of which they are pretended to be an abuſe. Moſt true it is that Mr. Moore had ſuch a deſign, and was himſelf the man who preſſed Dr. Arbuthnot and Mr. Pope to aſſiſt him therein; and that he borrowed thoſe Memoirs of our Author, when that hiſtory came forth, with intent to turn them to ſuch abuſe: but being able to obtain from our Author but one ſingle hint, and either changing his mind, or having more mind than ability, he contented himſelf to keep the ſaid Memoirs, and read them as his own to all his acquaintance. A noble perſon there is into whoſe company Mr. Pope once chanced to introduce him, who well remembereth the converſation of Mr. Moore to have turned upon the "contempt he had for the "work of that reverend prelate, and how full he was "of a deſign he declared himſelf to have of expoſing "it." This noble perſon is the Earl of Peterborough.

Here, in truth, ſhould we crave pardon of all the

* Daily Journal, April 3, 1728.

foresaid Right Honourable and worthy personages, for having mentioned them in the same page with such weekly riff-raff railers and rhymers, but that we had their ever-honoured commands for the same; and that they are introduced not as witnesses in the controversy, but as witnesses that cannot be controverted; not to dispute, but to decide.

Certain it is, that dividing our writers into two classes, of such who were acquaintance, and of such who were strangers, to our Author, the former are those who speak well, and the other those who speak evil of him. Of the first class the most noble

JOHN DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

sums up his character in these lines:

" * And yet so wondrous, so sublime a thing,
" As the great Iliad, scarce could make me sing,
" Unless I justly could at once commend
" A good companion, and as firm a friend.
" One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed,
" Can all desert in sciences exceed."

So also is he deciphered by the Honourable

SIMON HARCOURT.

" † Say, wondrous youth, what column wilt thou chuse,
" What laurel'd arch for thy triumphant muse?
" Though each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,
" Though ev'ry laurel through the dome be thine.
" Go to the good and just, an awful train!
" Thy soul's delight------"

Recorded in like manner, for his virtuous disposition, and gentle bearing, by the ingenious

* Verses to Mr. P. on his Translation of Homer.
† Poem prefixed to his Works.

MR. WALTER HART,

in this apoſtrophe:

"* O! ever worthy, ever crown'd with praiſe!
"Bleſt in thy life, and bleſt in all thy lays.
"Add, that the Siſters ev'ry thought refine,
"And ev'n thy life be faultleſs as thy line,
"Yet Envy ſtill with fiercer rage purſues,
"Obſcures the virtue, and defames the muſe.
"A ſoul like thine, in pain, in grief, reſign'd,
"Views with juſt ſcorn the malice of mankind."

The witty and moral ſatiriſt

DR. EDWARD YOUNG,

wiſhing ſome check to the corruption and evil manners of the times, calleth out upon our Poet to undertake a taſk ſo worthy of his virtue:

"† Why ſlumbers Pope, who leads the Muſes' train,
"Nor hears that Virtue, which he loves, complain?

MR. MALLET,

in his Epiſtle on Verbal Criticiſm:

"Whoſe life, ſeverely ſcan'd, tranſcends his lays;
"For wit ſupreme is but his ſecond praiſe."

MR. HAMMOND,

that delicate and correct imitator of Tibullus, in his Love Elegies, Elegy xiv.

"Now, fir'd by Pope and Virtue, leave the age,
"In low purſuit of ſelf-undoing wrong,
"And trace the Author through his moral page,
"Whoſe blameleſs life ſtill anſwers to his ſong."

MR. THOMSON,

in his elegant and philoſophical poem of the Seaſons:

"Although not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
"Yet is his life the more endearing ſong."

* In his Poems, printed for B. Lintot.
† Univerſal Paſſion, Sat. I.

To the ſame tune alſo ſingeth that learned clerk of Suffolk,

MR. WILLIAM BROOME.

"† Thus, nobly riſing in fair Virtue's cauſe,
"From thy own life tranſcribe th' unerring laws."

And, to cloſe all, hear the Reverend Dean of St. Patrick's:

"A ſoul with ev'ry virtue fraught,
"By patriots, prieſts, and poets taught:
"Whoſe filial piety excels
"Whatever Grecian ſtory tells.
"A genius for each bus'neſs fit,
"Whoſe meaneſt talent is his wit," &c.

Let us now recreate thee by turning to the other ſide, and ſhewing his Character drawn by thoſe with whom he never converſed, and whoſe countenances he could not know, though turned againſt him: firſt again commencing with the high voiced and never enough quoted

MR. JOHN DENNIS,

who, in his Reflections on the Eſſay on Criticiſm, thus deſcribeth him: "A little affected hypocrite, "who has nothing in his mouth but candour, truth "friendſhip, good-nature, humanity, and magnani-"mity. He is ſo great a lover of falſehood, that, "whenever he has a mind to calumniate his contem-"poraries, he brands them with ſome defect which is "juſt contrary to ſome good quality for which all their "friends and their acquaintance commend them. He "ſeems to have a particular pique to people of qua-

† In his Poems, and at the end of the Odyſſey.

"lity, and authors of that rank. He muſt derive "his religion from St. Omer's."—But in the character of Mr. P. and his writings, (printed by S. Popping, 1716,) he ſaith, "Though he is a profeſſor of "the worſt religion, yet he laughs at it;" but that, "nevertheleſs, he is a virulent Papiſt; and yet a "pillar for the Church of England."

Of both which opinions

MR. LEWIS THEOBALD

ſeems alſo to be; declaring in MIST'S JOURNAL of June 22, 1718, "That, if he is not ſhrewdly abuſed, "he made it his buſineſs to cackle to both parties in "their own ſentiments." But as to his pique againſt people of quality, the ſame Journaliſt doth not agree, but ſaith, (May 8, 1728,) "He had, by ſome means "or other, the acquaintance and friendſhip of the "whole body of our nobility."

However contradictory this may appear, Mr. Dennis and Gildon, in the character laſt cited, make it all plain, by aſſuring us, "That he is a creature that "reconciles all contradictions: he is a beaſt, and a "man; a Whig, and a Tory; a writer (at one and "the ſame time) of Guardians and Examiners*: an "aſſerter of liberty, and of the diſpenſing power of "kings; a Jeſuitical profeſſor of truth; a baſe and a "foul pretender to candour." So that, upon the whole account, we muſt conclude him either to have been a

* The names of two weekly papers.

great hypocrite, or a very honeſt man; a terrible impoſer upon both parties, or very moderate to either.

Be it as to the judicious reader ſhall ſeem good. Sure it is he is little favoured of certain authors whoſe wrath is perilous: for one declares he ought to have a price ſet on his head, and to be hunted down as a wild beaſt *; another proteſts that he does not know what may happen; adviſes him to inſure his perſon; ſays he has bitter enemies, and expreſsly declares it will be well if he eſcapes with his life †. One deſires he would cut his own throat, or hang himſelf ‡. But Paſquin ſeemed rather inclined it ſhould be done by the government, repreſenting him engaged in grievous deſigns with a Lord of Parliament then under proſecution ‖. Mr. Dennis himſelf hath written to a miniſter, that he is one of the moſt dangerous perſons in this kingdom **; and aſſureth the Public that he is an open and mortal enemy to his country; a monſter that will, one day, ſhew as daring a ſoul as a mad Indian, who runs a-muck to kill the firſt Chriſtian he meets ††. Another gives information of treaſon diſcovered in his Poem ‡‡. Mr. Curl boldly ſupplies an

* Theobald, Letter in Miſt's Journal, June 22d, 1728.

† Smedley, Pref. to Gulliveriana, p. 14, 16.

‡ Gulliveriana, p. 332. ‖ Anno 1723. ** Anno 1729.

†† Preface to Remarks on the Rape of the Lock, p. 12. and in the laſt page of that treatiſe.

‡‡ Page 6, 7, of the preface, by Concanen, to a book entitled, A Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, Verſes, and Advertiſements, occaſioned by Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies. Printed for A. Moore, octavo, 1712.

imperfect verſe with kings and princeſſes *; and one Matthew Concanen, yet more impudent, publiſhes, at length, the two moſt ſacred names in this nation as members of the Dunciad †!

This is prodigious! yet it is almoſt as ſtrange that, in the midſt of theſe invectives, his greateſt enemies have (I know not how) borne teſtimony to ſome merit in him.

MR. THEOBALD,

in cenſuring his Shakeſpeare, declares, "He has ſo "great an eſteem for Mr. Pope, and ſo high an opi- "nion of his genius and excellencies, that, notwith- "ſtanding he profeſſes a veneration almoſt riſing to "idolatry for the writings of this inimitable Poet, "he would be very loath even to do him juſtice at the "expenſe of that other gentleman's character ‡."

MR. CHARLES GILDON,

after having violently attacked him in many pieces, at laſt came to wiſh from his heart, "That Mr. Pope "would be prevailed upon to give us Ovid's Epiſtles "by his hand; for it is certain we ſee the original of "Sappho to Phaon with much more life and like- "neſs in his verſion than in that of Sir Car Scrope. "And this (he adds) is the more to be wiſhed, be- "cauſe in the Engliſh tongue we have ſcarce any thing

* Key to the Dunciad, 3d edition, p. 18.

† A Liſt of Perſons, &c. at the end of the fore-mentioned Collection of all the Letters, Eſſays, &c.

‡ Introduction to his Shakeſpeare Reſtored, in quarto, p. 3.

"truly and naturally written upon Love *." He alſo, in taxing Sir Richard Blackmore for his heterodox opinions of Homer, challengeth him to anſwer what Mr. Pope hath ſaid in his Preface to that poet.

MR. OLDMIXON

calls him a great maſter of our tongue; declares "the "purity and perfection of the Engliſh language to be "found in his Homer; and, ſaying there are more "good verſes in Dryden's Virgil than in any other "work, excepts this of our Author only †."

The Author of a Letter to MR. CIBBER ſays ‡, "Pope was ſo good a verſifier [*once*] that his "predeceſſor Mr. Dryden, and his contemporary Mr. "Prior excepted, the harmony of his numbers *is* "equal to any body's; and that he *had* all the me- "rit that a man can have that way." And

MR. THOMAS COOKE,

after much blemiſhing our Author's Homer, crieth out,

> "But in his other works what beauties ſhine,
> "While ſweeteſt muſic dwells in ev'ry line!
> "Theſe he admir'd, on theſe he ſtamp'd his praiſe,
> "And bade them live to brighten future days ‖."

So alſo one who takes the name of

H. STANHOPE,

the maker of certain verſes to Duncan Campbell,

* Commentary on the Duke of Buckingham's Eſſay, 8vo, 1721, p. 97, 98.
† In his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm.
‡ Printed by J. Roberts, 1742. p. 11.
‖ Battle of Poets, folio, p. 15.

in that poem *, which is wholly a ſatire on Mr. Pope, confeſſeth,

> "'Tis true, if fineſt notes alone could ſhow
> "(Tun'd juſtly high, or regularly low)
> "That we ſhould fame to theſe mere vocals give;
> "Pope more than we can offer ſhould receive:
> "For when ſome gliding river is his theme,
> "His lines run ſmoother than the ſmootheſt ſtream," &c.

MIST'S JOURNAL, June 8, 1728.

Although he ſays, "The ſmooth numbers of the "Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any "other merit;" yet that ſame paper hath theſe words: "The Author is allowed to be a perfect maſter of an "eaſy and elegant verſification. In all his works we "find the moſt happy turns, and natural ſimilies, "wonderfully ſhort, and thick ſown."

The Eſſay on the Dunciad alſo owns, p. 25, it is very full of beautiful images. But the panegyric, which crowns all that can be ſaid on this Poem is beſtowed by our Laureat,

MR. COLLEY CIBBER,

who "grants it to be a better Poem of its kind than "ever was writ:" but adds, "it was a victory over a "parcel of poor wretches, whom it was almoſt cowar-"dice to conquer.— A man might as well triumph "for having killed ſo many ſilly flies that offended "him. Could he have let them alone, by this time,

* Printed under the title of The Progreſs of Dulneſs, duodecimo, 1728.

" poor souls! they had all been buried in oblivion *."
Here we see our excellent Laureat allows the justice of the satire on every man in it but himself, as the great Mr. Dennis did before him.

The said

MR. DENNIS and MR. GILDON,

in the most furious of all their works, (the forecited Character, p. 5.) do in concert † confess, " That " some men of good understanding value him for his " rhymes." And (p. 17.) " that he has got, like " Mr. Bayes in the Rehearsal, (that is, like Mr. Dry- " den) a notable knack at rhyming, and writing " smooth verse."

* Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9 12.

† *In concert.*] Hear how Mr. Dennis hath proved our mistake in this place: "As to my writing in *concert* with Mr. " Gildon, I declare upon the honour and word of a gentle- " man, that I never wrote so much as one line in *concert* " with any one man whatsoever. And these two letters " from Gildon will plainly shew that we are not writers in " *concert* with each other.

" Sir,

" —— The height of my ambition is to please men of the " best judgment; and finding that I have entertained my " master agreeably, I have the extent of the reward of my " labour."

" Sir,

" I had not the opportunity of hearing of your excellent " Pamphlet till this day. I am infinitely satisfied and plea- " sed with it, and hope you will meet with that encou- " ragement your admirable performance deserves, &c.

Ch. Gildon."

" Now is it not plain that any one who sends such com- " pliments to another, has not been used to write in part- " nership with him to whom he sends them?" Dennis, Remarks on the Dunciad, p. 50. Mr Dennis is therefore welcome to take this piece to himself.

Of his Eſſay on Man numerous were the praiſes beſtowed by his avowed enemies, in the imagination that the ſame was not written by him, as it was printed anonymouſly.

Thus ſang of it even

BEZALEEL MORRIS.

"Auſpicious Bard! while all admire thy ſtrain,
"All but the ſelfiſh, ignorant, and vain;
"I, whom no bribe to ſervile flatt'ry drew,
"Muſt pay the tribute to thy merit due:
"Thy muſe ſublime, ſignificant and clear,
"Alike informs the ſoul, and charms the ear."

And

MR. LEONARD WELSTED

thus wrote * to the unknown Author, on the firſt publication of the ſaid Eſſay; "I muſt own, after "the reception which the vileſt and moſt immoral "ribaldry hath lately met with, I was ſurpriſed to "ſee what I had long deſpaired, a performance de-"ſerving the name of a Poet. Such, Sir, is your "work. It is, indeed, above all commendation, and "ought to have been publiſhed in an age and coun-"try more worthy of it. If my teſtimony be of weight "any where, you are ſure to have it in the ampleſt "manner," *&c. &c. &c.*

Thus we ſee every one of his works hath been extolled by one or other of his moſt inveterate enemies; and to the ſucceſs of them all they do unanimouſly

* In a letter under his hand, dated March 12, 1733.

give teſtimony. But it is ſufficient, *inſtar omnium*, to behold the great critic, Mr. Dennis, ſorely lamenting it, even from the Eſſay on Criticiſm to this day of the Dunciad! "A moſt notorious inſtance (quoth "he) of the depravity of genius and taſte, the ap- "probation this Eſſay meets with *.—I can ſafely "affirm, that I never attacked any of theſe writings, "unleſs they had ſucceſs infinitely beyond their merit. "—This, though an empty, has been a popular ſcrib- "bler. The epidemic madneſs of the times has given "him reputation †.—If, after the cruel treatment "ſo many extraordinary men (Spencer, Lord Bacon, "Ben Johnſon, Milton, Butler, Otway, and others) "have received from this country for theſe laſt hun- "dred years, I ſhould ſhift the ſcene, and ſhew all "that penury changed at once to riot and profuſe- "neſs, and more ſquandered away upon one object "than would have ſatisfied the greater part of thoſe "extraordinary men, the reader, to whom this one "creature ſhould be unknown, would fancy him a "prodigy of Art and Nature; would believe that all "the great qualities of theſe perſons were centered in "him alone.—But if I ſhould venture to aſſure him "that the people of England had made ſuch a choice "—the reader would either believe me a malicious "enemy and ſlanderer, or that the reign of the laſt

* Dennis, Preface to his Reflections on the Eſſay on Criti- ciſm.

† Preface to his Remarks on Homer.

"(Queen Anne's) miniſtry was deſigned by Fate to
"encourage fools *."

But it happens that this our Poet never had any place, penſion, or gratuity, in any ſhape, from the ſaid glorious Queen, or any of her miniſters. All he owed, in the whole courſe of his life, to any court, was a ſubſcription for his Homer of 200 *l.* from King George I. and 100 *l.* from the Prince and Princeſs.

However, leſt we imagine our Author's ſucceſs was conſtant and univerſal, they acquaint us of certain works in a leſs degree of repute, whereof, although owned by others, yet do they aſſure us he is the writer. Of this ſort Mr. Dennis † aſcribes to him two Farces, whoſe names he does not tell, but aſſures us that there is not one jeſt in them; and an imitation of Horace, whoſe title he does not mention, but aſſures us it is much more execrable than all his works ‡. The DAILY JOURNAL, May 11. 1728. aſſures us, "He is below Tom Durfey in the drama; becauſe "(as that writer thinks) the Marriage-Hater Match-"ed, and the Boarding-School, are better than "the What-d'ye-call it;" which is not Mr. P's, but Mr. Gay's. Mr. Gildon aſſures us, in his New Rehearſal, p. 48. "That he was writing a play of the "Lady Jane Grey;" but it afterwards proved to be Mr. Rowe's. We are aſſured by another, "He wrote

* Remarks on Homer, p. 8, 9. † Ibid, p. 8.
‡ Character of Mr. Pope, p. 7.

"a pamphlet called Dr. Andrew Tripe *;" which proved to be one Dr. Wagſtaff's. Mr. Theobald aſſures, in MIST of the 27th of April, "That the treatiſe of the Profound is very dull, and that Mr. Pope "is the author of it." The writer of Gulliveriana is of another opinion; and ſays, "The whole, or greateſt part, of the merit of this treatiſe muſt and can "only be aſcribed to Gulliver †." [Here, gentle Reader! cannot I but ſmile at the ſtrange blindneſs and poſitiveneſs of men, knowing the ſaid treatiſe to appertain to none other but to me, Martinus Scriblerus.]

We are aſſured, in MIST of June 8. "That his own "plays and farces would better have adorned the "Dunciad than thoſe of Mr Theobald; for he had "neither genius for tragedy nor comedy." Which, whether true or not it is not eaſy to judge, in as much as he had attempted neither; unleſs we will take it for granted, with Mr. Cibber, that his being once very angry at hearing a friend's play abuſed, was an infallible proof the play was his own; the ſaid Mr. Cibber thinking it impoſſible for a man to be much concerned for any but himſelf: "Now let any man "judge (ſaith he) by this concern, who was the true "mother of the child ‡?"

But from all that hath been ſaid, the diſcerning

* Character of Mr. Pope, p. 6. † Gulliver, p. 336.
‡ Cibber's Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 19.

reader will collect, that it little availed our Author to have any candour, ſince, when he declared he did not write for others, it was not credited; as little to have any modeſty, ſince, when he declined writing in any way himſelf, the preſumption of others was imputed to him. If he ſingly enterprized one great work, he was taxed of boldneſs and madneſs to a prodigy *: if he took aſſiſtants in another, it was complained of, and repreſented as a great injury to the Public †. The loftieſt heroics, the loweſt ballads, treatiſes againſt the ſtate or church, ſatires on lords and ladies, raillery on wits and authors, ſquabbles with bookſellers, or even full and true accounts of monſters, poiſons, and murders; of any hereof was their nothing ſo good, nothing ſo bad, which had not, at one or other ſeaſon, been to him aſcribed. If it bore no author's name, than lay he concealed; if it did, he fathered it upon that author to be yet better concealed; if it reſembled any of his ſtyles, then was it evident: if it did not, then diſguiſed he it on ſet purpoſe. Yea, even direct oppoſitions in religion, principles, and politics, have equally been ſuppoſed in him inherent. Surely a moſt rare and ſingular character! of which let the reader make what he can.

Doubtleſs moſt commentators would hence take occaſion to turn all to their author's advantage, and,

* Burnet's Homerides, p. 1. of his tranſlation of the Iliad.
† The London and Miſt's Journals, on his undertaking the Odyſſey.

from the teſtimony of his very enemies, would affirm, that his capacity was boundleſs as well as his imagination; that he was a perfect maſter of all ſtyles, and all arguments; and that there was in thoſe times no other writer, in any kind, of any degree of excellence, ſave he himſelf. But as this is not our own ſentiment, we ſhall determine on nothing; but leave thee, gentle Reader, to ſteer thy judgment equally between various opinions, and to chuſe whether thou wilt incline to the teſtimonies of authors avowed, or of authors concealed; of thoſe who knew him, or of thoſe who knew him not. P.

MARTINUS SCRIBLERUS

OF THE POEM.

This Poem, as it celebrateth the moſt grave and ancient of things, Chaos, Night, and Dulneſs; ſo is it of the moſt grave and ancient kind. Homer (ſaith Ariſtotle) was the firſt who gave the form, and (ſaith Horace) who adapted the meaſure, to heroic poeſy. But even before this, may be rationally preſumed, from what the Ancients have left written, was a piece by Homer compoſed, of like nature and matter with this of our Poet: for of epic ſort it appeareth to have been, yet of matter ſurely not unpleaſant, witneſs

what is reported of it by the learned Archbiſhop Euſtathius, in Odyſſey X. And accordingly Ariſtotle, in his Poetic, chap. iv. doth further ſet forth, that as the Iliad and Odyſſey gave example to Tragedy, ſo did this poem to Comedy its firſt idea.

From theſe authors alſo it ſhould ſeem that the Hero, or chief perſonage of it, was no leſs obſcure, and his underſtanding and ſentiments no leſs quaint and ſtrange (if indeed not more ſo) than any of the actors of our Poem. Margites was the name of this perſonage, whom Antiquity recordeth to have been Dunce the firſt; and ſurely, from what we hear of him, not unworthy to be the root of ſo ſpreading a tree, and ſo numerous a poſterity. The poem, therefore, celebrating him, was properly and abſolutely a Dunciad; which though now unhappily loſt, yet is its nature ſufficiently known by the infallible tokens aforeſaid. And thus it doth appear that the firſt Dunciad was the firſt epic poem, written by Homer himſelf, and anterior even to the Iliad or Odyſſey.

Now, foraſmuch as our Poet hath tranſlated thoſe two famous works of Homer which are yet left, he did conceive it in ſome ſort his duty to imitate that alſo which was loſt; and was therefore induced to beſtow on it the ſame form which Homer's is reported to have had, namely, that of epic poem, with a title alſo framed after the ancient Greek manner, to wit, that of Dunciad.

Wonderful it is that ſo few of the Moderns have been ſtimulated to attempt ſome Dunciad! ſince, in the opinion of the multitude, it might coſt leſs pain and toil than an imitation of the Greater Epic. But poſſible it is alſo that, on due reflection, the maker might find it eaſier to paint a Charlemagne, a Brute, or a Godfrey, with juſt pomp and dignity heroic, than a Margites, a Codrus, or a Fleckno.

We ſhall next declare the occaſion and the cauſe which moved our Poet to this particular work. He lived in thoſe days when (after Providence had permitted the invention of Printing as a ſcourge for the ſins of the learned) paper alſo became ſo cheap, and printers ſo numerous, that a deluge of authors covered the land; whereby not only the peace of the honeſt unwriting ſubject was daily moleſted, but unmerciful demands were made of his applauſe, yea of his money, by ſuch as would neither earn the one nor deſerve the other. At the ſame time the licence of the Preſs was ſuch, that it grew dangerous to refuſe them either; for they would forthwith publiſh ſlanders unpuniſhed, the authors being anonymous, and ſkulking under the wings of publiſhers, a ſet of men who never ſcrupled to vend either calumny or blaſphemy, as long as the Town would call for it.

* Now our Author, living in thoſe times, did conceive it an endeavour well worthy an honeſt ſatiriſt,

* Vide Boſſu, Du Poeme Epique, chap. viii.

to diſſuade the dull, and puniſh the wicked, the only way that was left. In that public-ſpirited view he laid the plan of this Poem, as the greateſt ſervice he was capable (without much hurt, or being ſlain) to render his dear country. Firſt, taking things from their original, he conſidereth the cauſes creative of ſuch authors, namely dulneſs and poverty; the one born with them, the other contracted by neglect of their proper talents, through ſelf-conceit of greater abilities. This truth he wrappeth in an allegory * (as the conſtruction of epic poeſy requireth) and feigns that one of theſe goddeſſes had taken up her abode with the other, and that they jointly inſpired all ſuch writers and ſuch works †. He proceedeth to ſhew the qualities they beſtow on theſe authors, and the effects they produce ‡: then the materials, or ſtock, with which they furniſh them ‖; and (above all) that ſelf-opinion ** which cauſeth it to ſeem to themſelves vaſtly greater than it is, and is the prime motive of their ſetting up in this ſad and ſorry merchandiſe. The great power of theſe goddeſſes acting in alliance (whereof as the one is the mother of induſtry, ſo is the other of plodding) was to be exemplified in ſome one, great, and remarkable action ††: and none could be more ſo than that which our Poet hath choſen, *viz.* the reſtoration of the reign of Chaos and Night,

* Boſſu, chap. vii. † Book I. ver. 32, &c. ‡ Ver. 45 to 54. ‖ Ver. 57, to 77. ** Ver. 80.
†† Boſſu, chap. vii, viii.

by the miniſtry of Dulneſs their daughter, in the removal of her imperial ſeat from the City to the polite World; as the action of the Æneid is the reſtoration of the empire of Troy, by the removal of the race from thence to Latium. But as Homer ſinging only the wrath of Achilles, yet includes in his poem the whole hiſtory of the Trojan war; in like manner our Author hath drawn into this ſingle action the whole hiſtory of Dulneſs and her children.

A perſon muſt next be fixed upon to ſupport this action. This phantom in the Poet's mind muſt have a name *. He finds it to be ——; and he becomes of courſe the Hero of the Poem.

The fable being thus, according to the beſt example, one and entire, as contained in the propoſition, the machinery is a continued chain of allegories, ſetting forth the whole power, miniſtry, and empire of Dulneſs, extended through her ſubordinate inſtruments, in all her various operations.

This is branched into epiſodes, each of which hath its moral apart, though all conducive to the main end. The crowd aſſembled in the Second Book demonſtrates the deſign to be more extenſive than to bad poets only, and that we may expect other epiſodes of the patrons, encouragers, or paymaſters, of ſuch authors, as occaſion ſhall bring them forth. And the Third Book, if well conſidered, ſeemeth to embrace

* Boſſu, chap. viii. Vide Ariſtot. Poetic. cap. ix.

the whole world. Each of the Games relateth to ſome or other vile claſs of writers. The firſt concerneth the Plagiary, to whom he giveth the name of Moore; the ſecond the libellous Noveliſt, whom he ſtyleth Eliza; the third, the flattering Dedicator; the fourth, the bawling Critic, or noiſy Poet; the fifth, the dark and dirty Party-writer; and ſo of the reſt; aſſigning to each ſome proper name or other, ſuch as he could find.

As for the Characters, the Public hath already acknowledged how juſtly they are drawn. The Manners are ſo depicted, and the Sentiments ſo peculiar to thoſe to whom applied, that ſurely to transfer them to any other or wiſer perſonages would be exceeding difficult: and certain it is that every perſon concerned, being conſulted apart, hath readily owned the reſemblance of every portrait, his own excepted. So Mr. Cibber calls them "a parcel of poor wretches, ſo many "ſilly flies *;" but adds, "our Author's wit is re- "markably more bare and barren whenever it would "fall foul on Cibber than upon any other perſon "whatever."

The Deſcriptions are ſingular, the Compariſons very quaint, the Narration various, yet of one colour; the purity and chaſtity of Diction is ſo preſerved, that in the places moſt ſuſpicious, not the Words, but only the Images, have been cenſured, and yet are thoſe

* Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 9, 12, 41.

images no other than have been ſanctified by ancient and claſſical authority, (though, as was the manner of thoſe good times, not ſo curiouſly wrapped up) yea, and commented upon by the moſt grave doctors and approved critics.

As it beareth the name of Epic, it is thereby ſubjected to ſuch ſevere indiſpenſible rules as are laid on all Neoterics, a ſtrict imitation of the Ancients; inſomuch that any deviation, accompanied with whatever poetic beauties, hath always been cenſured by the ſound critic. How exact that imitation hath been in this piece, appeareth not only by its general ſtructure, but by particular alluſions infinite, many whereof have eſcaped both the Commentator and Poet himſelf; yea divers, by his exceeding diligence, are ſo altered and interwoven with the reſt, that ſeveral have already been, and more will be, by the ignorant abuſed, as altogether and originally his own.

In a word, the whole Poem proveth itſelf to be the work of our Author when his faculties were in full vigour and perfection; at that exact time when years have ripened the judgment without diminiſhing the imagination; which, by good critics, is held to be punctually at *forty*: for at that ſeaſon it was that Virgil finiſhed his Georgics; and Sir Richard Blackmore at the like age compoſing his Arthurs, declared the ſame to be the very *acme* and pitch of life for epic poeſy; though, ſince, he hath altered it to *ſixty*,

the year in which he publiſhed his Alfred *. True it is that the talents for criticiſm, namely ſmartneſs, quick cenſure, vivacity of remark, certainty of aſſeveration, indeed all but acerbity, ſeem rather the gifts of youth than of riper age: but it is far otherwiſe in poetry; witneſs the works of Mr. Rymer and Mr. Dennis, who, beginning with Criticiſm, became afterwards ſuch poets as no age hath paralleled. With good reaſon, therefore, did our Author chuſe to write his Eſſay on that ſubject at twenty, and reſerve for his maturer years this great and wonderful work of THE DUNCIAD. P.

RICARDUS ARISTARCHUS

OF THE HERO OF THE POEM.

Of the nature of Dunciad in general, whence derived, and on what authority founded, as well as of the art and conduct of this our Poem in particular, the learned and laborious Scriblerus hath, according to his manner, and with tolerable ſhare of judgment, diſſertated; but when he cometh to ſpeak of the Perſon of the Hero fitted for ſuch poem, in truth he miſerably halts and hallucinates: for, miſled by one Monſieur Boſſu, a Gallic critic, he prateth of I cannot

* See his Eſſays.

tell what phantom of a hero, only raiſed up to ſupport the fable. A putid conceit! as if Homer and Virgil, like modern undertakers, who firſt build their houſe, and then ſeek out for a tenant, had contrived the ſtory of a War and a Wandering before they once thought either of Achilles or Æneas. We ſhall therefore ſet our good brother and the world alſo right in this particular, by aſſuring them that, in the Greater Epic, the prime intention of the Muſe is to exalt heroic virtue, in order to propagate the love of it among the children of men; and, conſequently, that the poet's firſt thought muſt needs be turned upon a real ſubject meet for laud and celebration; not one whom he is to make, but one whom he may find, truly illuſtrious. This is the *primum mobile* of his poetic world, whence every thing is to receive life and motion: for this ſubject being found, he is immediately ordained, or rather acknowledged, an hero, and put upon ſuch action as befitteth the dignity of his character.

But the Muſe ceaſeth not here her eagle-flight: for ſometimes, ſatiated with the contemplation of theſe ſuns of glory, ſhe turneth downward on her wing, and darts with Jove's lightning on the gooſe and ſerpent kind. For we apply to the Muſe, in her various moods, what an ancient maſter of wiſdom affirmeth of the gods in general: 'Si Dii non iraſcuntur impiis 'et injuſtis, nec pios utique juſtoſque diligunt. In re'bus enim diverſis, ut in utramque partem moveri

'necesse est, aut in neutram. Itaque qui bonos diligit 'et malos odit; et qui malos non odit, nec bonos 'diligit. Quia et diligere bonos ex odio malorum ve'nit; et malos odisse ex bonorum caritate descendit.' Which, in our vernacular idiom, may be thus interpreted: "If the gods be not provoked at evil men, "neither are they delighted with the good and just: "for contrary objects must either excite contrary af"fections or no affections at all. So that he who "loveth good men must at the same time hate the "bad; and he who hateth not bad men cannot love "the good; because to love good men proceedeth "from an aversion to evil, and to hate evil men from "a tenderness to the good." From this delicacy of the Muse arose the Little Epic, (more lively and choleric than her elder sister, whose bulk and complexion incline her to the flegmatic), and for this some notorious vehicle of vice and folly was sought out to make thereof an example; an early instance of which (nor could it escape the accurate Scriblerus) the father himself of epic poem affordeth us. From him the practice descended to the Greek dramatic poets his offspring; who in the composition of their tetralogy, or set of four pieces, were wont to make the last a satiric tragedy. Happily one of these ancient Dunciads (as we may well term it) is come down unto us, amongst the tragedies of the poet Euripides; and what doth the reader suppose may be the subject

thereof? Why in truth, and it is worthy obſervation, the unequal conteſt of an old dull, debauched buffoon Cyclops, with the heaven-directed favourite of Minerva; who, after having quietly borne all the monſter's obſcene and impious ribaldry, endeth the farce, in puniſhing him with the mark of an indelible brand in his forehead. May we not then be excuſed if, for the future, we conſider the epics of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, together with this our Poem, as a complete tetralogy, in which the laſt worthily holdeth the place or ſtation of the ſatiric piece?

Proceed we therefore in our ſubject. It hath been long, and, alas for pity! ſtill remaineth a queſtion, whether the Hero of the Greater Epic ſhould be an honeſt man; or, as the French critics expreſs it, *un honnête homme* *; but it never admitted of any doubt but that the Hero of the Little Epic ſhould be his very oppoſite. Hence, to the advantage of our Dunciad, we may obſerve how much juſter the moral of that poem muſt needs be where ſo important a queſtion is previouſly decided.

But then it is not every knave, nor (let me add) every fool, that is a fit ſubject for a Dunciad. There muſt ſtill exiſt ſome analogy, if not reſemblance, of qualities between the heroes of the two poems; and this, in order to admit what Neoteric critics call the

* Si un heros poetique doit etre un honnete homme, Boſſu, Du Poeme Epique, liv. v. ch. 5.

Parody, one of the livelieſt graces of the Little Epic. Thus it being agreed that the conſtituent qualities of the Greater Epic Hero are *wiſdom*, *bravery*, and *love*, from whence ſpringeth heroic virtue; it followeth that thoſe of the Leſſer Epic Hero ſhould be *vanity*, *aſſurance*, and *debauchery*: from which happy aſſemblage reſulteth Heroic Dulneſs, the never-dying ſubject of this our Poem.

This being ſettled, come we now to particulars. It is the character of true wiſdom to ſeek its chief ſupport and confidence within itſelf, and to place that ſupport in the reſources which proceed from a conſcious rectitude of will.—And are the advantages of vanity, when ariſing to the heroic ſtandard, at all ſhort of this ſelf-complacence? nay, are they not, in the opinion of the enamoured owner, far beyond it? "Let the world (will ſuch a one ſay) impute to me "what folly or weakneſs they pleaſe; but till wiſdom "can give me ſomething that will make me more "heartily happy, I am content to be gazed at *." This, we ſee, is vanity, according to the heroic gage or meaſure: not that low and ignoble ſpecies which pretendeth to virtues we have not; but the laudable ambition of being gazed at for glorying in thoſe vices which every body knows we have. "The world may "aſk (ſays he) why I make my follies public? Why "not? I have paſſed my time very pleaſantly with "them †." In ſhort, there is no ſort of vanity ſuch a

* Ded. to the Life of C. Cibber. † Life, p. 2. oct. edit.

Hero would ſcruple to exult in but that which might go near to degrade him from his high ſtation in this our Dunciad, namely, "whether it would not be "vanity in him to take ſhame to himſelf for not "being a wiſe man *?"

Bravery, the ſecond attribute of the true hero, is courage manifeſting itſelf in every limb; while its correſpondent virtue in the mock hero is that ſame courage all collected into the face. And as power, when drawn together, muſt needs have more force and ſpirit than when diſperſed, we generally find this kind of courage in ſo high and heroic a degree, that it inſults not only men, but gods. Mezentius is, without doubt, the braveſt character in all the Æneis: but how? His bravery, we know, was an high courage of blaſphemy. And can we ſay leſs of this brave man's? who having told us that he placed "his *ſummum bo-* "*num* in thoſe follies which he was not content barely to poſſeſs, but would likewiſe glory in," adds, "If I am miſguided, 'tis Nature's fault, and I follow "her †." Nor can we be miſtaken in making this happy quality a ſpecies of courage, when we conſider thoſe illuſtrious marks of it which made his face "more known (as he juſtly boaſteth) than moſt in "the kingdom;" and his language to conſiſt of what we muſt allow to be the moſt daring figure of ſpeech, that which is taken from the name of God.

Gentle Love, the next ingredient in the true hero's

* Life of C. Cibber, p. 2. octavo. † Ibid. p. 23.

compofition, is a mere bird of paffage, or (as Shakefpeare calls it) *fummer-teeming luft*, and evaporates in the heat of youth; doubtlefs by that refinement it fuffers in paffing through thofe certain ftrainers which our Poet fomewhere fpeaketh of *; but when it is let alone to work upon the lees, it acquireth ftrength by old age, and becometh a lafting ornament to the Little Epic. It is true, indeed, there is one objection to its fitnefs for fuch an ufe; for not only the ignorant may think it common, but it is admitted to be fo even by him who beft knoweth its value. "Don't "you think (argueth he) to fay only a man has his "whore †, ought to go for little or nothing? Becaufe, "*defendit numerus*, take the firft ten thoufand men "you meet, and, I believe, you would be no lofer if "you betted ten to one that every fingle finner of "them, one with another, had been guilty of the "fame frailty ‡." But here he feemeth not to have done juftice to himfelf: the man is fure enough a hero who hath his lady at fourfcore. How doth his modefty herein leffen the merit of a whole well-fpent life? not taking to himfelf the commendation (which Horace accounted the greateft in a theatrical character) of continuing to the very dregs the fame he was from the beginning,

* "Luft, through fome certain ftrainers well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.

† Alluding to thefe lines in the Epift. to Dr. Arbuthnot:
"And has not Colly ftill his lord and whore,
"His butchers Henley, his free-mafons Moore?"

‡ C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 46.

"......Servetur ad imum
"Qualis ab incepto processerat."......

But here, in juſtice both to the Poet and the Hero, let us farther remark, that the calling her his whore, implieth ſhe was his own, and not his neighbour's. Truly a commendable continence! and ſuch as Scipio himſelf muſt have applauded: for how much ſelf-denial was exerted not to covet his neighbour's whore! and what diſorders muſt the coveting her have occaſioned in that ſociety, where (according to this political calculator) nine in ten of all ages have their concubines!

We have now, as briefly as we could deviſe, gone thro' the three conſtituent qualities of either Hero; but it is not in any, nor in all of theſe, that heroiſm properly or eſſentially reſideth. It is a lucky reſult rather from the colliſion of theſe lively qualities againſt one another. Thus, as from wiſdom, bravery, and love, ariſeth magnanimity, the object of admiration, which is the aim of the Greater Epic; ſo from vanity, impudence, and debauchery, ſpringeth buffoonry, the ſource of ridicule, that "laughing ornament," as the owner well termeth it *, of the Little Epic.

He is not aſhamed (God forbid he ever ſhould be aſhamed!) of this character, who deemeth that not reaſon, but riſibility, diſtinguiſheth the human ſpecies from the brutal. "As Nature (ſaith this profound

* C. Cibber's Letter to Mr. P. p. 31.

"philosopher) diſtinguiſhed our ſpecies from the mute "creation by our riſibility, her deſign muſt have been, "by that faculty as evidently to raiſe our happineſs, "as by our *os ſublime* (our erected faces) to lift the "dignity of our form above them *." All this conſidered, how complete a hero muſt he be, as well as how happy a man, whoſe riſibility lieth not barely in his muſcles, as in the common ſort, but, (as himſelf informeth us) in his very ſpirits! and whoſe *os ſublime* is not ſimply an erect face, but a brazen head; as ſhould ſeem by his preferring it to one of iron, ſaid to belong to the late King of Sweden †!

But whatever perſonal qualities a hero may have, the examples of Achilles and Æneas ſhew us that all theſe are of ſmall avail without the conſtant aſſiſtance of the gods; for the ſubverſion and erection of empires have never been adjudged the work of man. How greatly ſoever then we may eſteem of his high talents, we can hardly conceive his perſonal prowefs alone ſufficient to reſtore the decayed empire of Dulneſs. So weighty an atchievement muſt require the particular favour and protection of the great, who being the natural patrons and ſupporters of letters, as the ancient gods were of Troy, muſt firſt be drawn off, and engaged in another intereſt, before the total ſubverſion of them can be accompliſhed. To ſurmount, therefore, this laſt and greateſt difficulty, we have, in

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 23, 24. † Letter, p. 8.

this excellent man, a profeſſed favourite and intimado of the great. And look of what force ancient piety was to draw the gods into the party of Æneas, that, and much ſtronger, is modern incenſe to engage the great in the party of Dulneſs.

Thus have we eſſayed to pourtray or ſhadow out this noble imp of Fame. But now the impatient reader will be apt to ſay, if ſo many and various graces go to the making up a Hero, what mortal ſhall ſuffice to bear his character? Ill hath he read who ſeeth not, in every trace of this picture, that individual, all-accompliſhed perſon, in whom theſe rare virtues and lucky circumſtances have agreed to meet and concentre, with the ſtrongeſt luſtre and fulleſt harmony.

The good Scriblerus, indeed, nay the world itſelf, might be impoſed on in the late ſpurious editions, by I cannot tell what Sham-Hero or Phantom; but it was not ſo eaſy to impoſe on him whom this egregious error moſt of all concerned: for no ſooner had the Fourth Book laid open the high and ſwelling ſcene, but he recognized his own heroic acts; and when he came to the words,

"Soft on her lap her Laureat ſon reclines,

(though laureat imply no more than one crowned with laurel, as befitteth any aſſociate or conſort in empire) he loudly reſented this indignity to violated majeſty. Indeed not without cauſe, he being there repreſented as faſt aſleep; ſo miſbeſeeming the eye of

Empire, which, like that of Jove, ſhould never doze nor ſlumber. "Ha! (ſaith he) faſt aſleep, it ſeems! "that is a little too ſtrong. Pert and dull at leaſt "you might have allowed me, but as ſeldom aſleep "as any fool*." However, the injured Laureat may comfort himſelf with this reflection, that though it be a ſleep, yet it is not the ſleep of death, but of immortality. Here he will † live at leaſt, though not awake, and in no worſe condition than many an enchanted hero before him. The famous Durandarte, for inſtance, was, like him, caſt into a long ſlumber by Merlin the Britiſh bard and necromancer; and his example for ſubmitting to it with a good grace might be of ſervice to our Hero: for that diſaſtrous knight, being ſorely preſſed or driven to make his anſwer by ſeveral perſons of quality ‡, only replied with a ſigh, "Patience, and ſhuffle the cards ||."

But now, as nothing in this world, no not the moſt ſacred or perfect things either of religion or government, can eſcape the ſtings of envy, methinks I already hear theſe carpers objecting to the clearneſs of our Hero's title.

It would never (ſay they) have been eſteemed ſufficent to make an hero for the Iliad or Æneis, that Achilles was brave enough to overturn one empire, or Æneas pious enough to raiſe another, had they not been goddeſs-born, and princes-bred. What then did

* C. Cibber's Letter p. 53. † Ibid p. 1.
‡ See Cibber's Letter to Mr. P.
|| Don Quixote, part II. book ii. ch. 22.

this author mean by erecting a player, inſtead of one of his patrons, (a perſon "never a hero even on the "ſtage *") to this dignity of colleague in the empire of Dulneſs, and atchiever of a work that neither old Omar, Attila, nor John of Leyden, could entirely bring to paſs?

To all this we have, as we conceive, a ſufficient anſwer from the Roman hiſtorian, *Fabrum eſſe ſuæ quemque fortunæ*: "that every man is the carver of "his own fortune." The politic Florentine, Nicholas Machiavel, goeth ſtill further, and affirmeth, that a man needeth but to believe himſelf a hero to be one of the worthieſt that ever breathed. "Let him "(ſaith he) but fancy himſelf capable of high things, "and he will of courſe be able to atchieve the high-"eſt." From this principle it followeth that nothing can exceed our Hero's prowefs, as nothing ever equalled the greatneſs of his conceptions. Hear how he conſtantly paragons himſelf; at one time to Alexander the Great, and Charles XII. of Sweden, for the exceſs and delicacy of his ambition †; to Henry IV. of France, for honeſt policy ‡; to the firſt Brutus, for love of liberty ‖; and to Sir Robert Walpole, for good government while in power **. At another time to the godlike Socrates, for his diverſions and amuſements ⸸; to Horace, Montaigne, and

* See C. Cibber's Life, p. 148. † Ib. p. 149. ‡ Ib. p. 424. ‖ Ib. p. 366. ** Ib. p. 457. ⸸ Ib. p. 18.

Sir William Temple, for an elegant vanity that maketh them for ever read and admired*; to two Lord Chancellors for law, from whom, when confederate againſt him at the bar, he carried away the prize of Eloquence†; and, to ſay all in a word, to the Right Reverend the Lord Biſhop of London himſelf, in the art of writing Paſtoral letters‡.

Nor did his actions fall ſhort of the ſublimity of his conceit. In his early youth he met the Revolution ‖ face to face in Nottingham, at a time when other patriots contented themſelves to follow her. It was here he got acquainted with Old Battle-array, of whom he hath made ſo honourable mention in one of his immortal odes**. But he ſhone in courts as well as camps: he was called up when the nation fell in labour of this Revolution ‡, and was a goſſip at her chriſtening with the biſhop and the ladies ‖.

As to his birth, it is true he pretendeth no relation either to Heathen god or goddeſs; but, what is as good, he was deſcended from a Maker of both ‡. And that he did not paſs himſelf on the world for a hero, as well by birth as education, was his own fault; for his lineage he bringeth into his life as an anecdote, and is ſenſible he had it in his power to be thought no body's ſon at all ‡: and what is that, I pray you, but coming into the world a hero?

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 425. † P. 436, 437. ‡ P. 52. ‖ P. 47.
** "Old Battle-array in confuſion is fled.
"And olive-rob'd Peace is come in his ſtead." *&c.*
Cibber's *Birth*, or, *New Year's Day Ode.*
‡ Cibber's Life, p. 57. ‖ P. 58, 59. ‡ A Statuary. ‡ Life, p. 6.

But be it (the punctilious laws of epic poesy so requiring) that a hero of more than mortal birth must needs be procured for this atchievement; even for this we have a resource. We can easily derive our Hero's pedigree from a goddess of no small power and authority amongst men, and legitimate and instal him after the right classical and authentic fashion: for, like as the ancient sages found a son of Mars in a mighty warrior, a son of Neptune in a skilful seaman, a son of Phœbus in a harmonious poet; so have we here, if need be, a son of Fortune in an artful Gamester. And who, I pray you, fitter than the offspring of Chance to assist in restoring the empire of Night and Chaos?

There is, in truth, another objection of greater weight, namely, "That this hero still existeth, and "hath not yet finished his earthly course. For if Solon "said well,

> " ——ultima semper
> " Expectanda dies homini: dicique beatus
> " Ante obitum nemo supremaque funera debet:

"That no man could be called happy till his death, "surely much less can any one, till then, be pronounced a hero; this species of men being far more "subject than others to the caprices of Fortune and "Humour." But to this also we have an answer, which will (we hope) be deemed decisive. It cometh from himself, who, to cut this matter short, hath solemnly protested that he will never change or amend.

With regard to his Vanity, he declareth that nothing ſhall ever part them. "Nature (ſaith he) hath "amply ſupplied me in vanity; a pleaſure which neither the pertneſs of wit, nor the gravity of wiſdom, "will ever perſuade me to part with *." Our Poet had charitably endeavoured to adminiſter a cure to it; but he telleth us plainly, "My ſuperiors, perhaps, "may be mended by him; but, for my part, I own "myſelf incorrigible. I look upon my follies as the "beſt part of my fortune †." And with good reaſon; we ſee to what they have brought him!

Secondly, as to Buffoonry, "Is it (ſaith he) a time "of day for me to leave off theſe fooleries, and ſet "up a new character? I can no more put off my follies than my ſkin: I have often tried, but they ſtick "too cloſe to me; nor am I ſure my friends are diſpleaſed with them, for in this light I afford them "frequent matter of mirth, *&c. &c.* ‡." Having then ſo publicly declared himſelf incorrigible, he is become dead in law, (I mean the law *Epopœian*) and devolveth upon the Poet; is now his property; and may be taken and dealt with like an old Egyptian hero, that is to ſay, embowelled and embalmed for poſterity.

Nothing therefore (we conceive) remaineth to hinder his own propheſy of himſelf from taking immediate effect. A rare felicity! and what few prophets

* C. Cibber's Life, p. 424. † Ib. p. 19. ‡ Ib. p. 17.

have had the satisfaction to see alive! Nor can we conclude better than with that extraordinary one of his, which is conceived in these oraculous words, "My Dulness will find somebody to do it right *."

" Tandem Phoebus adest, morsusque inferre parentem
" Congelat, et patulos, ut erant, indurat hiatus †."

* Cibber's Life, p. 243. octavo edit.
† Ovid, of the serpent biting at Orpheus's head.

PREFACE

Prefixed to the five first imperfect editions of the Dunciad, in three books, printed at Dublin and London, in octavo and duodecimo, 1727,

THE PUBLISHER TO THE READER.

It will be found a true observation, though somewhat surprising, that when any scandal is vented

The Publisher.] Who he was is uncertain; but Edward Ward tells us, in his Preface to Durgen, "That most judges are "of opinion this preface is not of English extraction, but "Hibernian," &c. He means it was written by Dr. Swift, who, whether the publisher or not, may be said, in a sort, to be author of the Poem. For when he, together with Mr. Pope (for reasons specified in the Preface to their Miscellanies) determined to own the most trifling pieces in which they had any hand, and to destroy all that remained in their power, the first sketch of this Poem was snatched from the fire by Dr. Swift, who persuaded his friend to proceed in it, and to him it was therefore inscribed. But the occasion of printing it was as follows;

againſt a man of the higheſt diſtinction and character, either in the ſtate or literature, the public in general afford it a moſt quiet reception, and the larger part accept it as favourably as if it were ſome kindneſs done to themſelves: whereas, if a known ſcoundrel or blockhead but chance to be touched upon, a whole legion is up in arms, and it becomes the common cauſe of all ſcribblers, bookſellers, and printers whatſoever.

Not to ſearch too deeply into the reaſon hereof, I will only obſerve as a fact, that every week, for theſe

There was publiſhed in theſe Miſcellanies a Treatiſe of the Bathos, or, Art of Sinking in Poetry, in which was a chapter where the ſpecies of bad writers were ranged in claſſes, and initial letters of names prefixed, for the moſt part, at random. But ſuch was the number of poets eminent in that art, that ſome one or other took every letter to himſelf. All fell into ſo violent a fury, that for half a year, or more, the common newſpapers (in moſt of which they had ſome property, as being hired writers) were filled with the moſt abuſive falſehoods and ſcurrilities they could poſſibly deviſe; a liberty no ways to be wondered at in thoſe people, and in thoſe papers, that, for many years, during the uncontrolled licence of the preſs, had aſperſed almoſt all the great characters of the age; and this with impunity, their own perſons and names being utterly ſecret and obſcure. This gave Mr. Pope the thought, that he had now ſome opportunity of doing good, by detecting and dragging into light theſe common enemies of mankind; ſince, to invalidate this univerſal ſlander, it ſufficed to ſhew what contemptible men were the authors of it. He was not without hopes that, by manifeſting the dulneſs of thoſe who had only malice to recommend them, either the bookſellers would not find their account in employing them, or the men themſelves, when diſcovered, want courage to proceed in ſo unlawful an occupation. This it was that gave birth to the Dunciad; and he thought it an happineſs that, by the late flood of ſlander on himſelf, he had acquired ſuch a peculiar right over their names as was neceſſary to his deſign.

two months paſt, the Town has been perſecuted with pamphlets, advertiſements, letters, and weekly eſſays, not only againſt the wit and writings, but againſt the character and perſon, of Mr. Pope; and that of all those men who have received pleaſure from his Works, (which by modeſt computation may be about a hundred thouſand in theſe kingdoms of England and Ireland, not to mention Jerſey, Guernſey, the Orcades, thoſe in the New World, and foreigners who have tranſlated him into their languages) of all this number not a man hath ſtood up to ſay one word in his defence.

The only exception is the author of the following Poem, who doubtleſs had either a better inſight into the grounds of this clamour, or a better opinion of Mr. Pope's integrity, joined with a greater perſonal

Pamphlets, advertiſements, &c.] See the liſt of thoſe anonymous papers, with their dates and authors annexed, inſerted before the Poem.

About a hundred thouſand.] Is is ſurpriſing with what ſtupidity this Preface, which is almoſt a continued irony, was taken by theſe authors. All ſuch paſſages as theſe were underſtood by Curl, Cook, Cibber, and others, to be ſerious. Hear the Laureat (Letter to Mr. Pope, p. 9.) "Though I "grant the Dunciad a better poem of its kind than ever "was writ, yet, when I read it with thoſe *vain-glorious* "incumbrances of notes and remarks upon it, *&c.* — it is "amazing that you, who have writ with ſuch maſterly "ſpirit upon the ruling paſſion, ſhould be ſo blind a ſlave "to your own, as not to ſee how far a *low avarice of* "*praiſe*," &c. (taking it for granted that the notes of Scriblerus and others were the Author's own.)

The Author of the following Poem, &c.] A very plain irony, ſpeaking of Mr. Pope himſelf.

love for him than any other of his numerous friends and admirers.

Farther, that he was in his peculiar intimacy, appears from the knowledge he manifests of the most private authors of all the anonymous pieces againſt him, and from his having in this Poem * attacked no man living who had not before printed or publiſhed ſome ſcandal againſt this gentleman.

How I came poſſeſſed of it is no concern to the reader; but it would have been a wrong to him had I detained the publication; ſince thoſe names which are its chief ornaments die off daily ſo faſt, as muſt render it too ſoon unintelligible. If it provoke the author to give us a more perfect edition, I have my end.

Who he is I cannot ſay, and (which is a great pity) there is certainly nothing in his ſtyle and manner of writing which can diſtinguiſh or diſcover him; for if it bears any reſemblance to that of Mr. Pope, it is not improbable but it might be done on purpoſe, with a view to have it paſs for his. But by the fre-

* The Publiſher, in theſe words, went a little too far; but it is certain whatever names the reader finds that are unknown to him are of ſuch; and the exception is only of two or three whoſe dulneſs, impudent ſcurrilities, or ſelf-conceit, all mankind agreed to have juſtly entitled them to a place in the Dunciad.

There is certainly nothing in his ſtyle, &c.] This irony had ſmall effect in concealing the author. The Dunciad, imperfect as it was, had not been publiſhed two days, but the whole Town gave it to Mr. Pope.

quency of his allufions to Virgil, and a laboured (not to fay affected) fhortnefs in imitation of him, I fhould think him more an admirer of the Roman poet than of the Grecian, and in that not of the fame tafte with his friend.

I have been well informed that this work was the labour of full fix years of his life, and that he wholly retired himfelf from all the avocations and pleafures of the world to attend diligently to its correction and perfection; and fix years more he intended to beftow upon it, as it fhould feem by this verfe of Statius, which was cited at the head of his manufcript.

"Oh mihi biffenos multum vigilata per annos,
"Duncia * !"

Hence alfo we learn the true title of the Poem; which with the fame certainty as we call that of Ho-

The labour of full fix years, &c.] This alfo was honeftly and ferioufly believed by divers gentlemen of the Dunciad. J. Ralph, preface to Sawney: "We are told it was the la-"bour of fix years, with the utmoft affiduity and applica-"tion: it is no great compliment to the Author's fenfe to "have employed fo large a part of his life," *&c.* So alfo Ward, preface to Durgen: "The Dunciad, as the publifher "very wifely confeffes, coft the Author fix years' retirement "from all the pleafures of life; though it is fomewhat dif-"ficult to conceive, from either its bulk or beauty, that it "could be fo long in hatching," *&c.* But the length of time and clofenefs of application were mentioned to pre-poffefs the reader with a good opinion of it.

They juft as well underftood what Scriblerus faid of the Poem.

* The prefacer to Curl's Key, p. 3. took this word to be really in Statius: "By a quibble on the word *Duncia*, the "*Dunciad* is formed." Mr. Ward alfo follows him in the fame opinion.

mer the Iliad, of Virgil the Æneid, of Camoens the Lusiad, we may pronounce could have been, and can be no other than

THE DUNCIAD.

It is styled Heroic, as being doubly so; not only with respect to its nature, which, according to the best rules of the Ancients, and strictest ideas of the Moderns, is critically such; but also with regard to the heroical disposition and high courage of the writer, who dared to stir up such a formidable, irritable, and implacable race of mortals.

There may arise some obscurity in chronology from the names in the Poem, by the inevitable removal of some authors, and insertion of others in their niches: for, whoever will consider the unity of the whole design, will be sensible that the Poem was not made for these authors, but these authors for the Poem. I should judge that they were clapped in as they rose, fresh and fresh, and changed from day to day; in like manner as when the old boughs wither we thrust new ones into a chimney.

I would not have the reader too much troubled or anxious if he cannot decypher them; since, when he shall have found them out, he will probably know no more of the persons than before.

Yet we judged it better to preserve them as they are, than to change them for fictitious names; by which the satire would only be multiplied, and ap-

plied to many inftead of one. Had the Hero, for inftance, been called Codrus, how many would have affirmed him to have been Mr. T. Mr. E. Sir R. B. *&c.* but now all that unjuft fcandal is faved, by calling him by a name which, by good luck, happens to be that of a real perfon.

A LIST OF

BOOKS, PAPERS, AND VERSES,

In which our Author was abufed before the publication of the Dunciad, with the true names of the authors.

REFLECTIONS Critical and Satirical on a late rhapfody, called An Effay on Criticifm. By Mr. *Dennis.* Printed by B. Lintot, price 6 d.

A New Rehearfal; or, Bayes the Younger; containing an Examen of Mr. Rowe's plays, and a word or two on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock. Anon. By *Charles Gildon.* Printed for J. Roberts, 1714, price 1s.

Homerides; or, A Letter to Mr. Pope, occafioned by his intended tranflation of Homer. By Sir Iliad Dogrel. *Tho. Burnet* and *G. Ducket*, Efquires. Printed for W. Wilkins, 1715, price 9 d.

Æfop at the Bear-garden; a Vifion, in imitation of the Temple of Fame, by Mr. *Prefton.* Sold by John Morphew, 1715, price 6 d.

The Catholic Poet; or, Proteſtant Barnaby's ſorrowful lamentation; a Ballad about Homer's Iliad. By Mrs. *Centlivre* and others, 1715, price 1 d.

An Epilogue to a Puppet-ſhow at Bath, concerning the ſaid Iliad. By *George Ducket* Eſq. Printed by E. Curl.

A complete Key to the What-d'ye-call-it. Anon. By *Griffin* a player, ſupervifed by Mr. *Th*——. Printed by J. Roberts, 1715.

A true character of Mr. P. and his writings, in a letter to a friend. Anon. *Dennis*. Printed for S. Popping, 1716, price 3 d.

The Confederates, a farce. By Joſeph Gay. *J. D. Breval*. Printed for R. Burleigh, 1717, price 1 s.

Remarks upon Mr. Pope's Tranſlation of Homer; with two Letters concerning the Windſor Foreſt, and the Temple of Fame. By Mr. *Dennis*. Printed for E. Curl, 1717, price 1 s. 6 d.

Satires on the Tranſlators of Homer, Mr. P. and Mr. T. Anon. *Bez. Morris*. 1717, price 6 d.

The Triumvirate; or, A Letter from Palæmon to Celia at Bath. Anon. *Leonard Welſted*, 1711, folio, price 1 s.

The Battle of Poets, an heroic poem. By *Tho. Cooke*. Printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725.

Memoirs of Lilliput. Anon. *Eliza Haywood*, octavo. Printed in 1727.

An Eſſay on Criticiſm, in proſe. By the author of

the Critical Hiſtory of England. *J. Oldmixon*, octavo. Printed 1728.

Gulliveriana and Alexandriana; with an ample preface and critique on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. By *Jonathan Smedley*. Printed by J. Roberts, octavo, 1728.

Characters of the Times: or, An Account of the Writings, Characters, &c. of ſeveral gentlemen libelled by S— and P—, in a late Miſcellany, octavo, 1728.

Remarks on Mr. Pope's Rape of the Lock, in Letters to a Friend. By Mr. *Dennis*; written in 1724, though not printed till 1728, octavo.

Verſes, Letters, Eſſays, or Advertiſements, in the public prints.

Britiſh Journal, Nov. 25, 1727. A Letter on Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies. Writ by *M. Concanen*.

Daily Journal, March 18, 1728. A Letter by Philomauri. *James-Moore Smith*.

Idem, March 29. A letter about Therſites, accuſing the Author of diſaffection to the government. By *James-Moore Smith*.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, March 30. An Eſſay on the Arts of a Poet's ſinking in Reputation; or, A Supplement to the Art of ſinking in Poetry. Suppoſed by Mr. *Theobald*.

Daily Journal, April 3. A Letter under the name of Philo-ditto. By *James-Moore Smith.*

Flying-Poſt, April 4. A Letter againſt Gulliver and Mr. P. By Mr. *Oldmixon.*

Daily Journal, April 5. An Auction of Goods at Twickenham. By *James-Moore Smith.*

The Flying-Poſt, April 6. A Fragment of a Treatiſe upon Swift and Pope. By Mr. *Oldmixon.*

The Senator, April 9. On the ſame. By *Edward Roome.*

Daily Journal, April 8. Advertiſement by *James-Moore Smith.*

Flying-Poſt, April 13. Verſes againſt Dr. Swift, and againſt Mr. P—'s Homer. By *J. Oldmixon.*

Daily Journal, April 23. Letter about the Tranſlation of the Character of Therſites in Homer. By *Thomas Cooke*, &c.

Miſt's Weekly Journal, April 27. A Letter of *Lewis Theobald.*

Daily Journal, May 11. A Letter againſt Mr. P. at large. Anon. *John Dennis.*

All theſe were afterwards reprinted in a pamphlet entitled, A Collection of all the Verſes, Eſſays, Letters, and Advertiſements occaſioned by Mr. Pope and Swift's Miſcellanies, prefaced by Concanen. Anon. octavo, and printed for A. Moore, 1728, price 1 s. Others, of an elder date, having lain as waſte paper many years, were, upon the publication of the Dun-

ciad, brought out, and their authors betrayed by the mercenary bookſellers, (in hopes of ſome poſſibility of vending a few) by advertiſing them in this manner:—"The Confederates, a farce. By Capt. *Breval*, "(for which he was put into the Dunciad.) An "Epilogue to Powel's Puppet-ſhow. By Col. *Ducket*, "(for which he was put into the Dunciad.) Eſſays, &c. "By Sir *Richard Blackmore*. (*N. B.* It was for a paſ-"ſage of this book that Sir Richard was put into the "Dunciad.)" And ſo of others.

After the Dunciad, 1728.

An Eſſay on the Dunciad. Octavo, printed for J. Roberts. [In this book, p. 9. it was formally declared, "That the complaint of the aforeſaid libels "and advertiſements was forged and untrue; that all "mouths had been ſilent except in Mr. Pope's praiſe; "and nothing againſt him publiſhed but by Mr. "Theobald."]

Sawney, in blank verſe, occaſioned by the Dunciad; with a critique on that Poem. By *J. Ralph*, [a perſon never mentioned in it at firſt, but inſerted after.] Printed by J. Roberts, octavo.

A complete Key to the Dunciad. By *E. Curl*, 12mo, price 6 d.

A ſecond and third edition of the ſame, with additions, 12mo.

The Popiad. By *E. Curl*, extracted from J. Dennis, Sir Richard Blackmore, *&c.* 12mo, price 6 d.

The Curliad. By the same *E. Curl.*

The Female Dunciad. Collected by the same Mr. *Curl*, 12mo, price 6 d. With the Metamorphosis of P. into a stinging nettle. By Mr. *Foxton*, 12mo.

The Metamorphosis of Scriblerus into Snarlerus. By *J. Smedley*, printed for A. Moore, folio, pr. 6 d.

The Dunciad Dissected. By *Curl* and Mrs. *Thomas*, 12mo.

An Essay on the Taste and Writings of the present times. Said to be writ by a gentleman of C. C. C. Oxon. Printed for J. Roberts, octavo.

The Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, partly taken from Bouhours, with new Reflexions, *&c.* By *John Oldmixon*, octavo.

Remarks on the Dunciad. By Mr. *Dennis*, dedicated to Theobald, octavo.

A Supplement to the Profound. Anon. By *Matthew Concanen*, octavo.

Mist's Weekly Journal, June 8. A long Letter, signed W. A. writ by some or other of the club of *Theobald*, *Dennis*, *Moore*, *Concanen*, *Cooke*, who, for some time, held constant weekly meetings for these kind of performances.

Daily Journal, June, 11. A Letter signed Philo-Scriblerus, on the name of Pope——Letter to Mr. Theobald, in verse, signed B. M. *Bezaleel Morris*,

against Mr. P—. Many other little epigrams, about this time, in the same papers, by *James Moore* and others.

Mist's Journal, June 22. A Letter by *Lewis Theobald*.

Flying-Post, Aug. 8. Letter on Pope and Swift.

Daily Journal, Aug. 8. Letter charging the Author of the Dunciad with treason.

Durgen: A plain Satire on a pompous Satirist. By *Edward Ward*, with a little of James Moore.

Apollo's Maggot in his Cups. By *E. Ward*.

Gulliveriana Secunda. Being a Collection of many of the libels in the newspapers, like the former volume under the same title, by *Smedley*. Advertised in the Craftsman, Nov. 9, 1728, with this remarkable promise, that "*Any thing* which *any body* should "send as Mr. Pope's or Dr. Swift's, should be insert- "ed and published as theirs."

Pope Alexander's Supremacy and Infallibility examined, &c. By *George Ducket* and *John Dennis*, quarto.

Dean Jonathan's Paraphrase on the ivth Chapter of Genesis. Writ by *E. Roome*, folio, 1729.

Labeo. A Paper of Verses by *Leonard Welsted*, which after came into *One Epistle*, and was published by *James Moore*, quarto, 1730. Another part of it came out in Welsted's own name, under the just title of Dulness and Scandal, folio, 1731.

There have been ſince publiſhed,

Verſes on the Imitator of Horace. By a Lady, or between a Lady, a Lord, and a Court-ſquire. Printed for J. Roberts, folio.

An Epiſtle from a Nobleman to a Doctor of Divinity, from Hampton-Court, Lord *H——y*. Printed for J. Roberts. Alſo folio.

A Letter from Mr. *Cibber* to Mr. Pope. Printed for W. Lewis in Covent Garden, octavo.

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To the firſt edition with notes, in quarto, 1729.

It will be ſufficient to ſay of this edition, that the reader has here a much more correct and complete copy of the Dunciad than has hitherto appeared. I cannot anſwer but ſome miſtakes may have ſlipt into it, but a vaſt number of others will be prevented by the names being now not only ſet at length, but juſtified by the authorities and reaſons given. I make no doubt the Author's own motive to uſe real rather than feigned names, was his care to preſerve the innocent from any falſe application; whereas in the former editions, which had no more than the initial letters, he was made, by keys printed here, to hurt

the inoffenfive; and (what was worfe) to abufe his friends by an impreffion at Dublin.

The Commentary which attends this Poem was fent me from feveral hands, and, confequently, muft be unequally written; yet will have one advantage over moft commentaries, that it is not made upon conjectures, or at a remote diftance of time; and the reader cannot but derive one pleafure from the very *obfcurity* of the perfons it treats of, that it partakes of the nature of a *fecret*, which moft people love to be let into, though the men or the things be ever fo inconfiderable or trivial.

Of the *perfons* it was judged proper to give fome account: for fince it is only in this monument that they muft expect to furvive, (and here furvive they will, as long as the Englifh tongue fhall remain fuch as it was in the reigns of Queen Anne and King George) it feemed but humanity to beftow a word or two upon each, juft to tell what he was, what he writ, when he lived, and when he died.

If a word or two more are added upon the chief offenders, it is only as a paper pinned upon the breaft, to mark the enormities for which they fuffered; left the correction only fhould be remembered, and the crime forgotten.

In fome articles it was thought fufficient barely to tranfcribe from Jacob, Curl, and other writers of their own rank, who were much better acquainted with

them than any of the authors of this Comment can pretend to be. Moſt of them had drawn each other's characters on certain occaſions; but the few here inſerted are all that could be ſaved from the general deſtruction of ſuch works.

Of the part of Scriblerus I need ſay nothing; his manner is well enough known, and approved by all but thoſe who are too much concerned to be judges.

The Imitations of the Ancients are added, to gratify thoſe who either never read, or may have forgotten them; together with ſome of the parodies and alluſions to the moſt excellent of the Moderns. If, from the frequency of the former, any man think the Poem too much a cento, our Poet will but appear to have done the ſame thing in jeſt which Boileau did in earneſt, and upon which Vida, Fracaſtorius, and many of the moſt eminent Latin poets, profeſſedly valued themſelves.

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To the firſt edition of the Fourth Book of the Dunciad, when printed ſeparately in the year 1742.

We apprehend it can be deemed no injury to the Author of the three firſt Books of the Dunciad that we publiſh this Fourth. It was found merely by accident, in taking a ſurvey of the library of a late emi-

nent nobleman; but in ſo blotted a condition, and in ſo many detached pieces, as plainly ſhewed it to be not only *incorrect*, but *unfiniſhed*. That the Author of the three firſt Books had a deſign to extend and complete his Poem in this manner, appears from the diſſertation prefixed to it, where it is ſaid, that "the deſign is more extenſive, and that we may expect other epiſodes to complete it:" and, from the declaration in the argument to the third Book, that "the accompliſhment of the propheſies therein would be the theme hereafter of a greater Dunciad." But whether or no he be the Author of this we declare ourſelves ignorant. If he be, we are no more to be blamed for the publication of it than Tucca and Varius for that of the laſt ſix Books of the Æneid, though, perhaps, inferior to the former.

If any perſon be poſſeſſed of a more perfect copy of this work, or of any other fragments of it, and will communicate them to the publiſher, we ſhall make the next edition more complete: in which we alſo promiſe to inſert any Criticiſms that ſhall be publiſhed (if at all to the purpoſe) with the names of the authors; or any letters ſent us (though not to the purpoſe) ſhall yet be printed, under the title of *Epiſtolæ obſcurorum virorum;* which, together with ſome others of the ſame kind, formerly laid by for that end, may make no unpleaſant addition to the future impreſſions of this Poem.

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To the complete edition of 1743.

I HAVE long had a deſign of giving ſome ſort of Notes on the works of this Poet. Before I had the happineſs of his acquaintance, I had written a commentary on his Eſſay on Man, and have ſince finiſhed another on the Eſſay on Criticiſm. There was one already on the Dunciad, which had met with general approbation; but I ſtill thought ſome additions were wanting (of a more ſerious kind) to the humorous notes of Scriblerus, and even to thoſe written by Mr. Cleland, Dr. Arbuthnot, and others. I had lately the pleaſure to paſs ſome months with the Author in the country, where I prevailed upon him to do what I had long deſired, and favour me with his explanation of ſeveral paſſages in his works. It happened, that juſt at that juncture was publiſhed a ridiculous book againſt him, full of perſonal reflections, which furniſhed him with a lucky opportunity of improving this Poem, by giving it the only thing it wanted, a more conſiderable Hero. He was always ſenſible of its defect in that particular, and owned he had let it paſs with the hero it had purely for want of a better, not entertaining the leaſt expectation that ſuch an one was reſerved for this poſt as has ſince obtained

the laurel: but ſince that had happened, he could no longer deny this juſtice either to him or the Dunciad.

And yet I will venture to ſay there was another motive which had ſtill more weight with our Author; this perſon was one who, from every folly (not to ſay vice) of which another would be aſhamed, has conſtantly derived a vanity; and therefore was the man in the world who would leaſt be hurt by it. W. W.

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Printed in the Journals, 1730.

WHEREAS, upon occaſion of certain pieces relating to the gentlemen of the Dunciad, ſome have been willing to ſuggeſt, as if they looked upon them as an abuſe: we can do no leſs than own it is our opinion, that to call theſe gentlemen bad authors is no ſort of abuſe, but a great truth. We cannot alter this opinion without ſome reaſon; but we promiſe to do it in reſpect to every perſon who thinks it an injury to be repreſented as no wit, or poet, provided he procures a certificate of his being really ſuch from any three of his companions in the Dunciad, or from Mr. Dennis ſingly, who is eſteemed equal to any three of the number.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF MR. DRYDEN AND MR. POPE,

As drawn by certain of their contemporaries.

MR. DRYDEN, HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. DRYDEN is a mere renegado from monarchy, poetry, and good ſenſe *. A true republican ſon of monarchical church †. A republican Atheiſt ‡. Dryden was from the beginning an ἀλλοπρόσαλλος, and I doubt not will continue ſo to the laſt ‖.

In the poem called Abſalom and Ahithophel are notoriouſly traduced the King, the Queen, the Lords and Gentlemen, not only their honourable perſons expoſed, but the whole nation and its repreſentatives notoriouſly libelled. It is *ſcandalum magnatum*, yea of Majeſty itſelf ⊥.

He looks upon God's goſpel as a fooliſh fable, like the Pope, to whom he is a pitiful purveyor **. His very Chriſtianity may be queſtioned ††. He ought to expect more ſeverity than other men, as he is moſt unmerciful in his reflections on others ‡‡. With as good a right as his Holineſs, he ſets up for poetical infallibility ‖‖.

* Milbourn on Dryden's Virgil, 8vo. 1698. p. 6.
† Ib. p. 38. ‡ Ib. p. 192. ‖ Ib. p. 8.
⊥ Whip and Key, 4to. printed for R. Janeway, 1682. Pref.
** Ibid. †† Milbourn, p. 9. ‡‡ Ib. p. 175. ‖‖ Ib. p. 39.

A PARALLEL OF THE CHARACTERS

OF MR. POPE AND MR. DRYDEN,

As drawn by certain of their contemporaries.

MR. POPE, HIS POLITICS, RELIGION, MORALS.

MR. POPE is an open and mortal enemy to his country, and the commonwealth of learning *. Some call him a Popiſh Whig, which is directly inconſiſtent †. Pope, as a Papiſt, muſt be a Tory and High-flyer ‡. He is both a Whig and Tory ||.

He hath made it his cuſtom to cackle to more than one party in their own ſentiments ⸸.

In his Miſcellanies, the perſons abuſed are the King, the Queen, his late Majeſty, both Houſes of Parliament, the Privy Council, the Bench of Biſhops, the eſtabliſhed Church, the preſent Miniſtry, *&c.* To make ſenſe of ſome paſſages, they muſt be conſtrued into royal ſcandal **.

He is a Popiſh rhymſter, bred up with a contempt of the Sacred Writings ††. His religion allows him to deſtroy heretics, not only with his pen, but with fire and ſword; and ſuch were all thoſe unhappy wits whom he ſacrificed to his accurſed Popiſh principles ‡‡.

* Dennis. Rem. on the Rape of the Lock. pref. p. 12. † Dunciad Diſſected. ‡ Pref. to Gulliveriana. || Dennis, Character of Mr. P. ⸸ Theobald, Letter in Miſt's journal, June 22, 1728. ** Liſt at the end of a Collection of Verſes, Letters, Advertiſements, 8vo, printed for A. Moore, 1728, and the preface to it, p. 6. †† Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 27. ‡‡ Preface to Gulliveriana, p. 11.

Mr. DRYDEN *only a verſifier.*

His whole libel is all bad matter, beautified (which is all that can be ſaid of it) with good metre *. Mr. Dryden's genius did not appear in any thing more than his verſification, and whether he is to be ennobled for that only is a queſtion †.

Mr. DRYDEN'S Virgil.

Tonſon calls it Dryden's Virgil, to ſhew that this is not that Virgil ſo admired in the Auguſtan age, but a Virgil of another ſtamp, a ſilly, impertinent, nonſenſical writer ‡. None but a Bavius, a Mævius, or a Bathyllus, carped at Virgil; and none but ſuch unthinking vermin admire his Tranſlator ||. It is true, ſoft and eaſy lines might become Ovid's Epiſtles or Art of Love—but Virgil, who is all great and majeſtic, *&c.* requires ſtrength of lines, weight of words, and cloſeneſs of expreſſion; not an ambling Muſe running on carpet-ground, and ſhod as lightly as a Newmarket racer.—He has numberleſs faults in his author's meaning, and in propriety of expreſſion ‡.

Mr. DRYDEN *underſtood no Greek nor Latin.*

Mr. Dryden was once, I have heard, at Weſtminſter-ſchool: Dr. Buſby would have whipt him for ſo childiſh a paraphraſe **. The meaneſt pedant in England would whip a lubber of twelve for conſtru-

* Whip and Key, Pref. † Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 84. ‡ Milbourn, p. 2. || Ib. p. 35. ‡ Ib. p. 22, and 102. ** Ib. p. 72.

It deferved vengeance to fuggeft, that Mr. Pope had lefs infallibility than his namefake at Rome *.

Mr. POPE *only a verfifier.*

The fmooth numbers of the Dunciad are all that recommend it, nor has it any other merit †. It muft be owned that he hath got a notable knack of rhyming and writing fmooth verfe ‡.

Mr. POPE's *Homer.*

The Homer which Lintot prints does not talk like Homer, but like Pope; and he who tranflated him, one would fwear, had a hill in Tipperary for his Parnaffus, and a puddle in fome bog for his Hippocrene‖. He has no admirers among thofe that can diftinguifh, difcern, and judge ┼.

He hath a knack at fmooth verfe, but without either genius or good fenfe, or any tolerable knowledge of Englifh. The qualities which diftinguifh Homer are the beauties of his diction, and the harmony of his verfification.—But this little Author, who is fo much in vogue, has neither fenfe in his thoughts, nor Englifh in his expreffions **.

Mr. POPE *underftood no Greek.*

He hath undertaken to tranflate Homer from the Greek, of which he knows not one word, into En -

* Dedication to the Collection of Verfes, Letters, &c. p. 9. † Mift's Journal of June 8, 1728. ‡ Character of Mr. P. and Dennis on Hom. ‖ Dennis's Remarks on Pope's Homer, p. 12. ┼ Ib. p. 14. ** Character of Mr. P. p. 17. and Remarks on Hom. p. 91.

ing ſo abſurdly *. The Tranſlator is mad, every line betrays his ſtupidity †. The faults are innumerable, and convince me that Mr. Dryden did not, or would not, underſtand his author ‡. This ſhews how fit Mr. D. may be to tranſlate Homer! A miſtake in a ſingle letter might fall on the printer well enough, but ἔχωρ for ἰχώρ, muſt be the error of the author: nor had he art enough to correct it at the preſs ‖. Mr. Dryden writes for the court ladies—He writes for the ladies, and not for uſe ⊥.

The Tranſlator puts in a little burleſque now and then into Virgil, for a ragout to his cheated ſubſcribers **.

Mr. Dryden *tricked his ſubſcribers.*

I wonder that any man, who could not but be conſcious of his own unfitneſs for it, ſhould go to amuſe the learned world with ſuch an undertaking! A man ought to value his reputation more than money; and not to hope that thoſe who can read for themſelves will be impoſed upon merely by a partially and unſeaſonably celebrated name ††. *Poetis quidlibet audendi*, ſhall be Mr. Dryden's motto, though it ſhould extend to picking of pockets ‡‡.

Names beſtowed on Mr. Dryden.

An Ape.] A crafty ape dreſt up in a gawdy gown

* Milbourn, p. 203. † Ib. p. 78. ‡ Ib. p. 206. ‖ Ib. p. 19. ⊥ Ib. p. 144, 190. ** Ib. p. 67. †† Ib. p. 192. ‡‡ Ib. p. 125.

liſh, of which he underſtands as little *. I wonder how this gentleman would look ſhould it be diſcovered that he has not tranſlated ten verſes together in any book of Homer with juſtice to the poet; and yet he dares reproach his fellow-writers with not underſtanding Greek †. He has ſtuck ſo little to his original, as to have his knowledge in Greek called in queſtion ‡. I ſhould be glad to know which it is of all Homer's excellencies which has ſo delighted the ladies, and the gentlemen who judge like ladies ‖.

But he has a notable talent at burleſque; his genius ſlides ſo naturally into it, that he hath burleſqued Homer without deſigning it ⸸.

Mr. Pope *tricked his ſubſcribers.*

It is indeed ſomewhat bold, and almoſt prodigious, for a ſingle man to undertake ſuch a work: but it is too late to diſſuade, by demonſtrating the madneſs of the project. The ſubſcribers' expectations have been raiſed in proportion to what their pockets have been drained of **. Pope has been concerned in jobs, and hired out his name to bookſellers ††.

Names beſtowed on Mr. Pope.

An Ape.] Let us take the initial letter of his Chriſtian name, and the initial and final letters of his

* Dennis's Remarks on Homer, p. 12. † Daily Journal, April 23, 1728. ‡ Suppl. to the Profound, pref. ‖ Oldmixon, Eſſay on Criticiſm, p. 66. ⸸ Dennis's Remarks, p. 28. ** Homerides, p. 1, &c. †† Britiſh Journal, Nov. 25, 1727.

—Whips put into an ape's paw to play pranks with —None but apiſh and Papiſh brats will heed him *.

An Ass.] A camel will take upon him no more burden than is ſufficient for his ſtrength, but there is another beaſt that crouches under all †.

A Frog.] Poet Squab, endued with Poet Maro's ſpirit! ay ugly, croaking kind of vermin, which would ſwell to the bulk of an ox ‡.

A Coward.] A Clinias, or a Damætas, or a man of Mr. Dryden's own courage ‖.

A Knave.] Mr. Dryden has heard of Paul, the knave of Jeſus Chriſt: and, if I miſtake not, I have read ſomewhere of John Dryden, ſervant to his Majeſty ⁋.

A Fool.] Had he not been ſuch a ſelf-conceited fool **.—Some great poets are poſitive blockheads††.

A Thing.] So little a thing as Mr. Dryden ‡‡.

* Whip and Key, pref. † Milbourn, p. 105. ‡ Ib. 11. ‖ Ib. p. 176. ⁋ Ib. p. 57. ** Whip and Key, pref. †† Milbourn, p. 34, ‡‡ Ibid. p. 35.

ſurname, *viz.* A. P. E. and they give you the ſame idea of an ape as his face *, *&c.*

An Ass.] It is my duty to pull off the lion's ſkin from this little aſs †.

A Frog.] A ſquab ſhort gentleman—a little creature that, like the frog in the fable, ſwells, and is angry that it is not allowed to be as big as an ox ‡.

A Coward.] A lurking, way-laying coward ||.

A Knave.] He is one whom God and Nature have marked for want of common honeſty ⟊.

A Fool.] Great fools will be chriſtened by the names of great poets, and Pope will be called Homer **.

A Thing.] A little abject thing ††.

* Dennis, Daily Journal, May 11, 1728. † Dennis's Rem. on Hom. pref. ‡ Dennis's Rem, on the Rape of the Lock, pref. p. 9. || Char. of Mr. P. p. 3. ⟊ Ibid. ** Dennis's Rem. on Homer, p. 37. †† Ibid. p. 8.

BY AUTHORITY.

BY virtue of the Authority in Us veſted by the Act for ſubjecting Poets to the Power of a Licenſer, We have reviſed this Piece; where finding the ſtyle and appellation of KING to have been given to a certain Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, or Phantom, of the name of TIBBALD; and apprehending the ſame may be deemed in ſome ſort a reflection on Majeſty, or at leaſt an inſult on that Legal Authority which has beſtowed on another Perſon the Crown of Poeſy: We have ordered the ſaid Pretender, Pſeudo-Poet, or Phantom, utterly to vaniſh and evaporate out of this Work; and do declare the ſaid Throne of Poeſy from henceforth to be abdicated and vacant, unleſs duly and lawfully ſupplied by the LAUREATE himſelf. And it is hereby enacted, that no other perſon do preſume to fill the ſame.

BY THE AUTHOR, A DECLARATION.

WHEREAS certain Haberdaſhers of Points and Particles, being inſtigated by the ſpirit of

Pride, and aſſuming to themſelves the name of Critics and Reſtorers, have taken upon them to adulterate the common and current ſenſe of our Glorious Anceſtors, Poets of this Realm, by clipping, coining, defacing the images, mixing their own baſe allay, or otherwiſe falſifying the ſame; which they publiſh, utter, and vend as genuine; the ſaid Haberdaſhers having no right thereto, as neither heirs, executors, adminiſtrators, aſſigns, or in any ſort related to ſuch Poets, to all or any of them: Now We, having carefully reviſed this our Dunciad, * beginning with the words The mighty Mother, and ending with the words buries All, containing the entire ſum of One thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-four verſes, declare every word, figure, point, and comma, of this impreſſion to be authentic: and do therefore ſtrictly enjoin and forbid any perſon or perſons whatſoever to eraſe, reverſe, put between hooks, or by any other means, directly or indirectly, change or mangle any of them. And we do hereby earneſtly exhort all our brethren to follow this our example, which we heartily wiſh our great

* Read thus confidently, inſtead of "beginning with the "word *hooks*, and ending with the word *flies*," as formerly it ſtood: read alſo, "containing the entire ſum of *one* "*thouſand ſeven hundred and fifty-four* verſes," inſtead of "*one thouſand and twelve lines*;" ſuch being the initial and final words, and ſuch the true and entire contents of this Poem.

Predecessors had heretofore set, as a remedy and prevention of all such abuses: Provided always, that nothing in this Declaration shall be constru-ed to limit the lawful and undoubted right of every subject of this Realm to judge, censure, or condemn, in the whole, or in part, any Poem or Poet whatsoever.

Given under our hand at London, this third day of January, in the year of our Lord One thousand seven hundred thirty and two.

Declarat' cor' me,

John Barber, Mayor.

Thou art to know, Reader! that the first edition thereof, like that of Milton, was never seen by the Author, (though living and not blind): the editor himself confessed as much in his preface; and no two poems were ever published in so arbitrary a manner. The editor of this had as boldly suppressed whole passages, yea the entire last book, as the editor of Paradise Lost added and augmented. Milton himself gave but *ten* books, his editor *twelve*; this Author gave *four* books, his editor only *three*. But we have happily done justice to both; and presume we shall live, in this our last labour, as long as in any of our others. *Bentley.*

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK I.

The Argument.

The Propoſition, the Invocation, and the Inſcription. Then the original of the great Empire of Dulneſs, and cauſe of the continuance thereof. The College of the Goddeſs in the City, with her private academy for poets in particular; the governors of it, and the four Cardinal virtues. Then the Poem haſtes into the midſt of things, preſenting her, on the evening of a Lord Mayor's day, revolving the long ſucceſſion of her ſons, and the glories paſt and to come. She fixes her eye on Bayes, to be the inſtrument of that great event which is the ſubject of the Poem. He is deſcribed penſive among his books, giving up the cauſe, and apprehending the period of her empire. After debating whether to betake himſelf to the church, or to gaming, or to party-writing, he raiſes an altar of proper books, and (making firſt his ſolemn prayer and declaration) purpoſes thereon to ſacrifice all his unſucceſsful writings. As the pile is kindled, the Goddeſs, beholding the flame from her ſeat, flies and puts it out, by caſting upon it the poem of Thule. She forthwith reveals herſelf to him, tranſports him to her Temple, unfolds her arts, and initiates him into her myſteries; then announcing the death of Euſden the Poet-Laureat, anoints him, carries him to Court, and proclaims him ſucceſſor.

THE mighty Mother, and her Son, who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of kings,

REMARKS.

The Dunciad.] It is an inconvenience to which writers of reputation are ſubject, that the juſtice of their reſentment is not always rightly underſtood: for the calumnies of dull authors being ſoon forgotten, and thoſe whom they aimed to injure not caring to recall to memory the particulars of falſe and ſcandalous abuſe, their neceſſary correction is ſuſpected of ſeverity unprovoked. But in this caſe it would be but candid to eſtimate the chaſtiſement on the general

I ſing. Say you, her inſtruments, the Great!
Call'd to this work by Dulneſs, Jove, and Fate;

REMARKS.

character of the offender, compared with that of the perſon injured. Let this ſerve with the candid reader in juſtification of the Poet, and, on occaſion, of the Editor.

This Poem was written in the year 1726. In the next year an imperfect edition was publiſhed at Dublin, and reprinted at London in twelves; another at Dublin, and another at London, in octavo; and three others in twelves the ſame year: but there was no perfect edition before that of London in quarto, which was attended with notes. We are willing to acquaint poſterity, that this Poem was preſented to King George II. and his Queen, by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole, on the 12th of March, 1728-9. *Schol. Vet.*

It was expreſsly confeſſed in the preface to the firſt edition, that this Poem was not publiſhed by the Author himſelf. It was printed originally in a foreign country. And what foreign country? Why, one notorious for blunders; where finding blanks only inſtead of proper names, theſe blunderers filled them up at their pleaſure.

The very Hero of the Poem hath been miſtaken to this hour; ſo that we are obliged to open our Notes with a diſcovery who he really was. We learn from the former editor, that this piece was preſented by the hands of Sir Robert Walpole to King George II. Now the Author directly tells us, his Hero is the man

——— who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of kings.

And it is notorious who was the perſon on whom this Prince conferred the honour of the laurel.

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 1. *The mighty Mother*, &c.] In the firſt edition it was thus:

Books and the man I ſing, the firſt who brings
The Smithfield Muſes to the ear of kings.
Say, great Patricians! ſince yourſelves inſpire
Theſe wond'rous works (ſo Jove and Fate require)
Say, for what cauſe, in vain decry'd and curs'd,
Still———

IMITATIONS.

*Say, great Patricians! ſince yourſelves inſpire
Theſe wond'rous works*———
—Dii coeptis (nam vos mutaſtis et illas.) *Ovid. Met.* i.

You by whoſe care, in vain decry'd and curſt,
Still Dunçe the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt;
Say how the Goddeſs bade Britannia ſleep,
And pour'd her ſpirit o'er the land and deep.
In eldeſt time, ere mortals writ or read,
Ere Pallas iſſu'd from the Thund'rer's head,
Dulneſs o'er all poſſeſs'd her ancient right,
Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night:
Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
Groſs as her ſire, and as her mother grave;
Laborious, heavy, buſy, bold, and blind,
She rul'd, in native anarchy, the mind.
Still her old empire to reſtore ſhe tries,
For, born a goddeſs, Dulneſs never dies.

REMARKS.

It appears as plainly from the apoſtrophe to the Great in the third verſe, that Tibbald could not be the perſon, who was never an author in faſhion, or careſſed by the great: whereas this ſingle characteriſtic is ſufficient to point out the true Hero; who, above all other poets of his time, was the peculiar delight and choſen companion of the nobility of England; and wrote, as he himſelf tells us, certain of his works at the earneſt deſire of perſons of quality.

Laſtly, The ſixth verſe affords full proof; this poet being the only one who was univerſally known to have had a ſon ſo exactly like him, in his poetical, theatrical, political, and moral capacities, that it could juſtly be ſaid of him

Still Dunce the Second reigns like Dunce the Firſt.

Bentley.

IMITATIONS.

Ꝟ. 6.] Alluding to a verſe of Mr. Dryden, not in Mac Fleckno, (as is ſaid ignorantly in the Key to the Dunciad, p. 1.) but in his verſes to Mr. Congreve,

"And Tom the ſecond reigns like Tom the firſt."

Oh Thou! whatever title pleafe thine ear,
Dean, Drapier, Bickerftaff, or Gulliver!
Whether thou chufe Cervantes' ferious air,
Or laugh and fhake in Rab'lais' eafy chair,
Or praife the Court, or magnify mankind,
Or thy griev'd country's copper chains unbind;
From thy Bœotia though her pow'r retires,
Mourn not, my Swift! at ought our realm acquires.
Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outfpread
To hatch a new Saturnian age of Lead.

Clofe to thofe walls where Folly holds her throne,
And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
Where o'er the gates, by his fam'd father's hand,
Great Cibber's brazen, brainlefs brothers ftand,
One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry:

REMARKS.

Ꝟ. 31. *—by his fam'd father's hand.*] Mr. Caius-Gabriel Cibber, father of the Poet-laureate. The two ftatues of the lunatics over the gates of Bedlam-hofpital were done by him, and (as the fon juftly fays of them) are no ill monuments of his fame as an artift.

VARIATIONS.

After ver. 22. in the MS.

Or in the graver gown inftruct mankind,
Or filent let thy morals tell thy mind.

But this was to be underftood, as the Poet fays, *ironice*, like the 23d verfe.

Ꝟ. 29. *Clofe to thofe walls*, &c.] In the former edit. thus:

Where wave the tatter'd enfigns of Rag-fair,
A yawning ruin hangs and nods in air;
Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recefs,
Emblem of mufic caus'd by emptinefs;
Here in one bed two fhiv'ring fifters lie,
The cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Keen hollow winds howl thro' the black receſs,
Emblem of muſic caus'd by emptineſs:
Hence bards, like Proteus long in vain ty'd down,
Eſcape in monſters, and amaze the Town:
Hence Miſcellanies ſpring, the weekly boaſt
Of Curl's chaſte preſs, and Lintot's rubric poſt:
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines;
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines:
Sepulchral Lies, our holy walls to grace,
And New-year Odes, and all the Grub-ſtreet race.
In clouded majeſty here Dulneſs ſhone,
Four guardian virtues, round, ſupport her throne:
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears:
Calm Temperance, whoſe bleſſings thoſe partake
Who hunger and who thirſt for ſcribbling' ſake:

VARIATIONS.

Ỿ. 41. In the former edit.
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lay,
Hence the ſoft ſing-ſong on Cecilia's day.

Ỿ. 42. Alludes to the annual ſongs compoſed to muſic on St. Cecilia's feaſt.

IMITATIONS.

Ỿ. 41, 42. *Hence hymning Tyburn's—Hence,* &c.]
"——Genus unde Latinum,
"Albanique patres, atque altae moenia Romae."
Virg. Aen. I.

Ỿ. 45. *In clouded Majeſty.*]
——"The Moon
"Riſing in clouded majeſty."—— *Milton*, b. IV.

Ỿ. 48. ——*that knows no fears
Of hiſſes, blows, or want, or loſs of ears.*]
"Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent." *Hor.*

Prudence, whoſe glaſs preſents th' approaching jail;
Poetic Juſtice, with her lifted ſcale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold ſhe weighs,
And ſolid pudding againſt empty praiſe.
Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep,
Where nameleſs Somethings in their cauſes ſleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each maſs, a poem, or a play:
How hints, like ſpawn, ſcarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born Nonſenſe firſt is taught to cry,
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulneſs new meanders takes;
There motley images her fancy ſtrike,
Figures ill-pair'd, and ſimilies unlike.
She ſees a mob of Metaphors advance,
Pleas'd with the madneſs of the mazy dance;

IMITATIONS.

℣. 55. *Here ſhe beholds the Chaos dark and deep, Where nameleſs Somethings,* &c.] That is to ſay, unformed things, which are either made into poems or plays, as the bookſellers or the players bid moſt. Theſe lines allude to the following in Garth's Diſpenſary, canto vi.

"Within the chambers of the globe they ſpy
"The beds where ſleeping vegetables lie,
"'Till the glad ſummons of a genial ray
"Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day."

℣. 64. *And ductile Dulneſs,* &c.] A parody on a verſe in Garth, canto i.

"How ductile matter new meanders takes."

How Tragedy and Comedy embrace;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race;
How Time himſelf ſtands ſtill at her command,
Realms ſhift their place, and ocean turns to land.
Here gay Deſcription Egypt glads with ſhow'rs,
Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flow'rs;
Glitt'ring with ice here hoary hills are ſeen,
There painted vallies of eternal green,
In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
And heavy harveſts nod beneath the ſnow.

All theſe, and more, the cloud-compelling Queen
Beholds through fogs that magnify the ſcene.
She, tinſel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
With ſelf-applauſe her wild creation views;
Sees momentary monſters riſe and fall,
And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.

'Twas on the day when *** rich and grave,
Like Cimon, triumph'd both on land and wave:
(Pomps without guilt, of bloodleſs ſwords and maces,
Glad chains, warm furs, broad banners, and broad faces)

VARIATIONS.

℣. 85.] In the former editions:
'Twas on the day when Thorold, rich and grave.
Sir George Thorold, Lord Mayor of London in the year 1720.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 79. ——*the cloud-compelling Queen.*] From Homer's epithet of Jupiter, νεφεληγερέτα Ζεύς.

Now Night defcending, the proud fcene was o'er,
But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.
Now ma[illegible] and fhrieves all hufh'd and fatiate lay,
Yet eat, in dreams, the cuftard of the day;
While penfive poets painful vigils keep,
Sleeplefs themfelves to give their readers fleep.
Much to the mindful Queen the feaft recals
What City fwans once fung within the walls;
Much fhe revolves their arts, their ancient praife,
And fure fucceffion down from Heywood's days.
She faw with joy the line immortal run,
Each fire impreft and glaring in his fon:
So watchful Bruin forms, with plaftic care,
Each growing lump, and brings it to a bear.
She faw old Pryn in reftlefs Daniel fhine,
And Eufden eke out Blackmore's endlefs line;

REMARKS.

Ỿ. 90. *But liv'd in Settle's numbers one day more.*] Settle was poet to the city of London. His office was to compofe yearly Panegyrics upon the Lord Mayors, and verfes to be fpoken in the Pageants; but that part of the fhows being at length frugally abolifhed, the employment of City-poet ceafed; fo that upon Settle's demife there was no fucceffor to that place.

Ỿ. 98. *John Heywood.*] Whofe Interludes were printed in the time of Henry VIII.

Ỿ. 103.——*old Pryn in reftlefs Daniel.*] The firft edition had it,

She faw in Norton all his father fhine.

a great miftake! for Daniel de Foe had parts, but Norton de Foe was a wretched writer, and never attempted poetry. Much more juftly is Daniel himfelf made fucceffor to W. Pryn, both of whom wrote verfes as well as politics; as appears by the poem *De Jure Divino*, &c. of De Foe, and by thefe lines in Cowley's Mifcellanies, on the other:

She ſaw ſlow Philips creep like Tate's poor page,
And all the mighty mad in Dennis rage.
In each ſhe marks her image full expreſt,
But chief in Bayes's monſter-breeding breaſt;
Bayes, form'd by Nature Stage and Town to bleſs,
And act and be a coxcomb with ſucceſs.

REMARKS.

" ——One lately did not fear
" (Without the Muſes' leave) to plant verſe here.
" But it produc'd ſuch baſe, rough, crabbed, hedge-
" Rymes, as e'en ſet the hearer's ears on edge;
" Written by William Pryn Eſquire, the
" Year of our Lord ſix hundred thirty-three.
" Brave Jerſey Muſe! and he's, for his high ſtyle,
" Call'd to this day the Homer of the Iſle."

And both theſe authors had a reſemblance in their fates as well as their writings, having been alike ſentenced to the pillory.

℣. 104. *And Euſden eke out*, &c.] Laurence Euſden Poet-laureate. Mr. Jacob gives a catalogue of ſome few only of his works, which are very numerous. Mr. Cooke, in his Battle of poets, ſaith of him,

" Euſden, a laurel'd bard, by Fortune rais'd,
" By very few was read, by fewer prais'd."

℣. 105. *Like Tate's poor page.*] Nahum Tate was Poet-laureate, a cold writer, of no invention; but ſometimes tranſlated tolerably when befriended by Mr. Dryden. In his ſecond part of Abſalom and Ahithophel are above two hundred admirable lines together of that great hand, which ſtrongly ſhine through the inſipidity of the reſt. Something parallel may be obſerved of another author here mentioned.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 108. *But chief in* Bayes's, *&c.*] In the former edition thus:

But chief in Tibbald's monſter-breeding breaſt;
Sees gods with daemons in ſtrange league engage,
And earth, and heav'n, and hell her battles wage.
She ey'd the bard, where ſupperleſs he ſate,
And pin'd, unconſcious of his riſing fate;
Studious he ſate, with all his books around,
Sinking from thought to thought, *&c.*——

Dulnefs with tranfport eyes the lively Dunce,
Remembring fhe herfelf was Pertnefs once.
Now (fhame to Fortune!) an ill run at play
Blank'd his bold vifage, and a thin third day:
Swearing and fupperlefs the hero fate,
Blafphem'd his gods, the dice, and damn'd his fa
Then gnaw'd his pen, then dafh'd it on the groun
Sinking from thought to thought, a vaft profound!
Plung'd for his fenfe, but found no bottom there,
Yet wrote and flounder'd on in mere defpair.
Round him much embryo, much abortion lay,
Much future ode, and abdicated play;

REMARKS.

℣. 109. *Bayes, form'd by Nature,* &c.] It is hoped the Poet here hath done full juftice to his Hero's character, which it were a great miftake to imagine was wholly funk in ftupidity: he is allowed to have fupported it with a wonderful mixture of vivacity. This character is heightened according to his own defire, in a letter he wrote to our Au-

VARIATIONS.

℣. 121. *Round him much embryo,* &c.] In the former editions thus:

> He roll'd his eyes that witnefs'd huge difmay,
> Where yet unpawn'd, much learned lumber lay;
> Volumes, whofe fize the fpace exactly fill'd,
> Or which fond authors were fo good to gild,
> Or where, by fculpture made for ever known,
> The page admires new beauties not its own.
> Here fwells the fhelf, *&c.*

IMITATIONS.

Var. *He roll'd his eyes that witnefs'd huge difmay:*]
"——round he throws his eyes,
"That witnefs'd huge affliction and difmay."
Milt. Book I.

The progrefs of a bad poet in his thoughts, being (like the progrefs of the Devil in Milton) through a chaos, might probably fuggeft this imitation.

Nonfenfe precipitate, like running lead,
That flip'd through cracks and zigzags of the head;
All that on Folly Frenzy could beget,
Fruits of dull heat, and footerkins of wit.
Next o'er his books his eyes began to roll,
In pleafing memory of all he ftole;
How here he fip'd, how there he plunder'd fnug,
And fuck'd all o'er like an induftrious bug.
Here lay poor Fletcher's half-eat fcenes, and here
The frippery of crucify'd Moliere;
There haplefs Shakefpeare, yet of Tibbald fore,
Wifh'd he had blotted for himfelf before.
The reft on outfide merit but prefume,
Or ferve (like other fools) to fill a room;
Such with their fhelves as due proportion hold,
Or their fond parents drefs'd in red and gold;

REMARKS.

thor: "Pert and dull at leaft you might have allowed me. "What! am I only to be dull, and dull ftill, and again, "and for ever?" He then folemnly appealed to his own confcience, that "he could not think himfelf fo, or believe "that our Poet did; but that he fpoke worfe of him than "he could poffibly think; and concluded it muft be merely "to fhew his *wit*, or for fome *profit* or *lucre* to himfelf." Life of C. C. ch. vii. and Letter to Mr. P. p. 15, 40, 53. And to fhew his claim to what the Poet was fo unwilling to allow him, of being *pert* as well as *dull*, he declares he will have the *laft word*; which occafioned the following epigram:

Quoth Cibber to Pope, Though in verfe you foreclofe,
I'll have the laft word; for, by G—, I'll write profe.
Poor Colly! thy reas'ning is none of the ftrongeft,
For know, the laft word is the word that lafts longeft.

Or where the pictures for the page atone,
And Quarles is sav'd by beauties not his own.
Here swells the shelf with Ogilby the Great;
There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete;
Here all his suff'ring brotherhood retire,
And 'scape the martyrdom of jakes and fire:
A Gothic library! of Greece and Rome
Well purg'd, and worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.

REMARKS.

℣. 141. *Ogilby the Great.*] "John Ogilby was one who, "from a late initiation into literature, made such a pro- "gress as might well style him the prodigy of his time! "sending into the world so many large volumes! His tran- "slations of Homer and Virgil done to the life, and with "such excellent sculptures: and (what added great grace "to his works) he printed them all on special good paper, "and in a very good letter." *Winstanley*, Lives of Poets.

℣. 142. *There, stamp'd with arms, Newcastle shines complete.*] "The Duchess of Newcastle was one who busied "herself in the ravishing delights of poetry; leaving to "posterity in print three ample volumes of her studious "endeavours." *Winstanley, ibid.* Langbaine reckons up eight folios of her Grace's, which were usually adorned with gilded covers, and had her coat of arms upon them.

℣. 146. —*worthy Settle, Banks, and Broome.*] The Poet has mentioned these three authors in particular, as they are parallel to our Hero in his three capacities: 1. Settle was his brother Laureate; only indeed upon half pay, for the City instead of the Court; but equally famous for unintelligible flights in his poems on public occasions, such as shows, birth-days, *&c.* 2. Banks was his rival in tragedy, (though more successful) in one of his tragedies, the Earl of Essex, which is yet alive: Anna Boleyn, The Queen of Scots, and Cyrus the Great, are dead and gone. These he dressed in a sort of beggar's velvet, or a happy mixture of

IMITATIONS.

℣. 140. In the former edit.
The page admires new beauties not its own.]
"Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma."
Virg. Georg. II.

But, high above, more ſolid learning ſhone,
The Claſſics of an age that heard of none;
There Caxton ſlept, with Wynkyn at his ſide,
One claſp'd in wood, and one in ſtrong cow-hide;
There, ſav'd by ſpice, like mummies, many a year,
Dry bodies of divinity appear:
De Lyra there a dreadful front extends,
And here the groaning ſhelves Philemon bends.

REMARKS.

the thick fuſtian and thin proſaic; exactly imitated in Parolla and Iſidora, Caeſar in Egypt, and the Heroic Daughter. 3. Broome was a ſerving-man of Ben Johnſon, who once picked up a comedy from his betters, or from ſome caſt ſcenes of his maſter, not entirely contemptible.

Ỽ. 149. *Caxton.*] A printer in the time of Edward IV. Richard III. and Henry VII.; Wynkyn de Word, his ſucceſſor, in that of Henry VII and VIII.

Ỽ. 153.] Nich. de Lyra, or Harpsfield, a very voluminous commentator, whoſe works, in five vaſt folios, were printed in 1472.

Ỽ. 154.] Philemon Holland, doctor in phyſic. "He tranſ- "lated ſo many books, that a man would think he had done "nothing elſe; inſomuch that he might be called Tran- "ſlator General of his age. The books alone of his turning "into Engliſh are ſufficient to make a country gentleman "a complete library." *Winſtanley.*

VARIATIONS.

Ỽ. 146. In the firſt edit. it was

Well purg'd, and worthy W—y, W——s and Bl——

And in the following altered to Withers, Quarles, and Bloome, on which was the following note:

It was printed in the ſurreptitious editions, W—ly, W—s, who were perſons eminent for good life; the one writ the Life of Chriſt in verſe, the other ſome valuable pieces in the lyric kind, on pious ſubjects. The line is here reſtored according to its original.

"George Withers was a great pretender to poetical zeal "againſt the vices of the times, and abuſed the greateſt "perſonages in power, which brought upon him frequent "correction. The Marſhalſea and Newgate were no ſtran-

Of thefe twelve volumes, twelve of ampleft fize,
Redeem'd from tapers and defrauded pies,
Infpir'd he feizes: thefe an altar raife;
An hetacomb of pure unfully'd lays
That altar crowns; a folio common-place
Founds the whole pile, of all his works the bafe:
Quartos, octavos, fhape the lefs'ning pyre,
A twifted birth-day ode completes the fpire.
Then he, great tamer of all human art!
Firft in my care, and ever at my heart;
Dulnefs! whofe good old caufe I yet defend,
With whom my Mufe began, with whom fhall end,
E'er fince Sir Fopling's periwig was praife,
To the laft honours of the Butt and Bays:
O thou! of bus'nefs the directing foul!
To this our head like bias to the bowl,
Which, as more pond'rous, made its aim more true,
Obliquely waddling to the mark in view:

VARIATIONS.

"gers to him." *Winftanley.* Quarles was as dull a writer, but an honefter man. Bloome's books are remarkable for their cuts.

ỷ. 162. *A twifted,* &c.] In the former edit.
And laft, a little Ajax tips the fpire.

Var. —— *a little Ajax.*] In duodecimo, tranflated from Sophocles, by Tibbald.

IMITATIONS.

ỷ. 166. *With whom my Mufe began, with whom fhall end.*]
"A te principium, tibi definet.—" *Virg.* Ecl. viii.
'Ἐκ Διὸς ἀρχώμεσθα, καὶ εἰς Δία λήγετε Μοῦσαι. Theoc.
"Prima dicte mihi, fumma dicende Camoena." *Hor.*

O! ever gracious to perplex'd mankind,
Still ſpread a healing miſt before the mind;
And, leſt we err by Wit's wild dancing light,
Secure us kindly in our native night.
Or, if to wit a coxcomb make pretence,
Guard the ſure barrier between that and ſenſe;
Or quite unravel all the reas'ning thread,
And hang ſome curious cobweb in its ſtead!
As, forc'd from wind-guns, lead itſelf can fly,
And pond'rous ſlugs cut ſwiftly through the ſky;
As clocks to weight their nimble motion owe,
The wheels above urg'd by the load below;
Me Emptineſs and Dulneſs could inſpire,
And were my elaſticity and fire.
Some dæmon ſtole my pen (forgive th' offence)
And once betray'd me into common ſenſe;

VARIATIONS.

℣. 177. *Or, if to wit,* &c.] In the former edit.
Ah! ſtill o'er Britain ſtretch that peaceful wand,
Which lulls th' Helvetian and Batavian land;
Where rebel to thy throne if Science riſe,
She does but ſhow her coward face and dies:
There thy good Scholiaſts with unweary'd pains
Make Horace flat, and humble Maro's ſtrains:
Here ſtudious I unlucky Moderns ſave,
Nor ſleeps one error in its father's grave,
Old puns reſtore, loſt blunders nicely ſeek,
And crucify poor Shakeſpeare once a week.
For the ſupplying, in the worſt of days,
Notes to dull books, and prologues to dull plays.
Not that my quill to critics was confin'd,
My verſe gave ampler leſſons to mankind;
So graveſt precepts may ſucceſsleſs prove,
But ſad examples never fail to move,
As, forc'd from wind-guns, &c.

Elſe all my proſe and verſe were much the ſame;
This proſe on ſtilts, that poetry fall'n lame.
Did on the ſtage my fops appear confin'd?
My life gave ampler leſſons to mankind.
Did the dead letter unſucceſsful prove?
The briſk example never fail'd to move.
Yet ſure, had Heav'n decreed to ſave the ſtate,
Heav'n had decreed theſe works a longer date.
Could Troy be ſav'd by any ſingle hand,
This gray-gooſe weapon muſt have made her ſtand.
What can I now? my Fletcher caſt aſide,
Take up the Bible, once my better guide?
Or tread the path by vent'rous heroes trod,
This box my thunder, this right hand my God?
Or chair'd at White's amidſt the doctors ſit,
Teach oaths to gameſters, and to nobles wit?

VARIATIONS.

℣. 195. *Yet ſure, had Heav'n*, &c.] In the former edit.
Had Heav'n decreed ſuch works a longer date,
Heav'n had decreed to ſpare the Grubſtreet ſtate.
But ſee great Settle to the duſt deſcend,
And all thy cauſe and empire at an end!
Could Troy be ſav'd,—*&c.*

IMITATIONS.

℣. 195. —*had Heav'n decreed*, &c.]
"Me ſi coelicolae voluiſſent ducere vitam,
"Has mihi ſervaſſent ſedes."—— *Virg.* Aen. II.

℣. 197, 198. *Could Troy be ſav'd—This gray-gooſe weapon.*]
"——Si Pergama dextra
"Defendi poſſent, etiam hac defenſa fuiſſent."
Virg. ibid.

℣. 202. *This box my thunder, this right hand my God?*]
"Dextra mihi *Deus*, et telum *quod miſſile libro.*"
Virgil, of the Gods of Mezentius.

Or bidſt thou rather party to embrace?
(A friend to Party thou, and all her race;
'Tis the ſame rope at diff'rent ends they twiſt;
To Dulneſs Ridpath is as dear as Miſt.)
Shall I, like Curtius, deſp'rate in my zeal,
O'er head and ears plunge for the commonweal?
Or rob Rome's ancient geeſe of all their glories,
And cackling ſave the monarchy of Tories?
Hold——to the miniſter I more incline;
To ſerve his cauſe, O Queen! is ſerving thine.
And ſee! thy very Gazetteers give o'er,
Ev'n Ralph repents, and Henley writes no more.
What then remains? Ourſelf. Still, ſtill remain
Cibberian forehead, and Cibberian brain.
This brazen brightneſs to the 'ſquire ſo dear;
This poliſh'd hardneſs that reflects the peer:
This arch abſurd, that wit and fool delights,
This meſs, toſs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's;
Where dukes and butchers join to wreathe my crown,
At once the Bear and Fiddle of the Town.
O born in ſin, and forth in folly brought!
Works damn'd, or to be damn'd! (your father's fault)

VARIATIONS.

℣. 213. *Hold—to the miniſter.*] In the former edition:
Yes, to my country I my pen conſign,
Yes, from this moment, mighty Miſt! am thine.
℣. 225. *O born in ſin,* &c.] In the former edition:
Adieu, my Children! better thus expire
Unſtall'd, unſold; thus glorious mount in fire,

Go, purify'd by flames afcend the fky,
My better and more Chriftian progeny!
Unftain'd, untouch'd, and yet in maiden fheets,
While all your fmutty fifters walk the ftreets.
Ye fhall not beg, like gratis-given Bland,
Sent with a pafs and vagrant through the land;
Nor fail with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes,
Where vile Mundungus trucks for viler rhymes:
Not fulphur-tipt, emblaze an ale-houfe fire;
Not wrap up oranges to pelt your fire!

REMARKS.

℣. 231. ——*gratis-given Bland,—Sent with a pafs*] It was a practice fo to give the Daily Gazetteer, and minifterial pamphlets, (in which this B. was a writer), and to fend them poft-free to all the towns in the kingdom.

℣. 233. —*with Ward, to Ape-and-monkey climes.*] "Edward Ward, a very voluminous poet in Hudibraftic verfe, " but beft known by the London Spy, in profe. He has of " late years kept a public houfe in the City, (but in a gen- " teel way) and with his wit, humour, and good liquor, " (ale) afforded his guefts a pleafurable entertainment, " efpecially thofe of the High-church party." *Jacob*, Lives of Poets, vol. II. p. 225. Great number of his works were

VARIATIONS.

Fair without fpot, than greas'd by grocers' hands,
Or fhipp'd with Ward to Ape-and-monkey lands,
Or wafting ginger, round the ftreets to run,
And vifit alehoufe, where ye firft begun.
With that he lifted thrice the fparkling brand,
And thrice he dropp'd it, *&c.*

IMITATIONS.

Var. *And vifit alehoufe.*] Waller on the Navy:
Thofe tow'rs of oak o'er fertile plains may go,
And vifit mountains where they once did grow.

℣. 229. *Unftain'd, untouch'd,* &c.]
" ——Felix Priameia virgo!
" Juffa mori: quæ fortitus non pertulit ullos,
" Nec victoris heri tetigit captiva cubile!
" Nos, patria incenfa, diverfa per aequora vectae," *&c.*
Virg. Aen. III.

O! paſs more innocent, in infant ſtate,
To the mild limbo of our father Tate:
Or peaceably forgot, at once be bleſt
In Shadwell's boſom with eternal reſt!
Soon to that maſs of nonſenſe to return,
Where things deſtroy'd are ſwept to things unborn.
  With that, a tear (portentous ſign of grace!)
Stole from the maſter of the ſev'nfold face;
And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand,
And thrice he dropt it from his quiv'ring hand;
Then lights the ſtructure with averted eyes;
The rolling ſmoke involves the ſacrifice.
The op'ning clouds diſcloſe each work by turns,
Now flames the Cid, and now Perolla burns;
Great Cæſar roars and hiſſes in the fires;
King John in ſilence modeſtly expires:

REMARKS.

yearly ſold into the Plantations.—Ward, in a book called Apollo's Maggot, declared this account to be a great falſity, proteſting that his public houſe was not in the City, but in Moorfields.

℣. 238, 240.—*Tate—Shadwell.*] Two of his predeceſſors in the Laurel.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 250 *Now flames the Cid,* &c.] In the former edit.
Now flames old Memnon, now Rodrigo burns,

IMITATIONS.

℣. 245. *And thrice he lifted high the birth-day brand.*] Ovid, of Althaea, on a like occaſion, burning her offspring:
" Tum conata quater flammis imponere torrem,
" Coepta quater tenuit."

℣. 250. *Now flames the Cid,* &c.]
" ——Jam Deiphobi dedit ampla ruinam,
" Vulcano ſuperante domos; jam proximus ardet
" Ucalegon."

No merit now the dear Nonjurer claims,
Moliere's old ſtubble in a moment flames.
Tears guſh'd again, as from pale Priam's eyes,
When the laſt blaze ſent Ilion to the ſkies.
  Rowz'd by the light, old Dulneſs heav'd the head,
Then ſnatch'd a ſheet of Thulè from her bed;
Sudden ſhe flies, and whelms it o'er the pyre;
Down ſink the flames, and with a hiſs expire.
  Her ample preſence fills up all the place;
A veil of fogs dilates her awful face:
Great in her charms! as when on ſhrieves and may'rs
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their airs.
She bids him wait her to her ſacred dome:
Well pleas'd he enter'd, and confeſs'd his home.
So ſpirits, ending their terreſtrial race,
Aſcend, and recognize their native place.

VARIATIONS.

In one quick flaſh ſee Proſerpine expire,
And laſt, his own cold Aeſchylus took fire.
Then guſh'd the tears, as from the Trojan's eyes
When the laſt blaze, &c.

After ℣. 268. In the former editions followed thoſe two lines:

Raptur'd, he gazes round the dear retreat,
And in ſweet numbers celebrates the ſeat.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 263. *Great in her charms! as when on ſhrieves and may'rs*
She looks, and breathes herſelf into their airs.]
" Alma parens confeſſa deam; qualiſque videri
" Coelicolis, et quanta ſolet."—— *Virg.* Aen. II.
" Et lætos oculis afflavit honores." Id. Aen. I.

This the Great Mother dearer held than all
The clubs of Quidnuncs, or her own Guildhall:
Here ſtood her opium, here ſhe nurs'd her owls,
And here ſhe plann'd th' imperial ſeat of fools.
Here to her choſen all her works ſhe ſhows,
Proſe ſwell'd to verſe, verſe loit'ring into proſe:
How random thoughts now meaning chance to find,
Now leave all memory of ſenſe behind:
How prologues into prefaces decay,
And theſe to notes are fritter'd quite away:
How index-learning turns no ſtudent pale,
Yet holds the eel of ſcience by the tail:
How, with leſs reading than makes felons 'ſcape,
Leſs human genius than God gives an ape,
Small thanks to France, and none to Rome or Greece,
A paſt, vamp'd, future, old reviv'd, new piece,
'Twixt Plautus, Fletcher, Shakeſpeare, and Corneille,
Can make a Cibber, Tibbald, or Ozell.

REMARKS.

℣. 286. —*Tibbald.*] Lewis Tibbald (as pronounced), or Theobald (as written) was bred an attorney, and ſon to an attorney (ſays Mr. Jacob) of Sittenburn in Kent. He was author of ſome forgotten plays, tranſlations, and other pieces. He was concerned in a paper called The Cenſor, and a tranſlation of Ovid. " There is a notorious idiot, one hight

IMITATIONS.

℣. 269. *This the Great Mother,* &c.]
" Urbs antiqua fuit——
" Quam Juno fertur terris magis omnibus unam
" Poſt habita coluiſſe Samo: hic illius arma,
" Hic currus fuit: hic regnum Dea gentibus eſſe
" (Si qua fata ſinant) jam tum tenditque fovetque."

Virg. Æn. I.

The Goddeſs then o'er his anointed head,
With myſtic words, the ſacred opium ſhed.
And, lo! her bird (a monſter of a fowl,
Something betwixt a heideggre and owl)

REMARKS.

"Whachum, who, from an under ſpur-leather to the law, "is become an under-ſtrapper to the playhouſe, who hath "lately burleſqued the Metamorphoſes of Ovid by a vile "tranſlation, *&c.* This fellow is concerned in an imper-"tinent paper called The Cenſor." *Dennis*, Rem. on Pope's Homer, p 9, 10.

Ỽ. 286. —*Ozell.*] "Mr. John Ozell (if we credit Mr. Jacob) "did go to ſchool in Leiceſterſhire, where ſomebody left "him ſomething to live on, when he ſhall retire from bu-"ſineſs. He was deſigned to be ſent to Cambridge, in order "for prieſthood; but he choſe rather to be placed in an "office of accounts in the City, being qualified for the ſame "by his ſkill in arithmetic, and writing the neceſſary hands. "He has obliged the world with many tranſlations of French "plays." *Jacob*, Lives of Dram. Poets, p. 198.

Mr. Jacob's character of Mr. Ozell ſeems vaſtly ſhort of his merits, and he ought to have further juſtice done him, having ſince fully confuted all ſarcaſms on his learning and genius, by an advertiſement of Sept. 20. 1729. in a paper called The Weekly Medley, *&c.* "As to my learning, this "envious wretch knew, and every body knows, that the "whole Bench of Biſhops, not long ago, were pleaſed to "give me a purſe of guineas for diſcovering the errone-"ous tranſlations of the Common-prayer in Portugueſe, "Spaniſh, French, Italian, *&c.* As for my genius, let Mr. "Cleland ſhew better verſes in all Pope's works than "Ozell's verſion of Boileau's Lutrin, which the late Lord "Halifax was ſo pleaſed with, that he complimented him "with leave to dedicate it to him, *&c.* Let him ſhew bet-"ter and truer poetry in the Rape of the Lock, than in "Ozell's Rape of the Bucket, (*la Secchia rapita.*) And "Mr. Toland and Mr. Gildon publicly declared Ozell's tranſ-"lation of Homer to be, as it was prior, ſo likewiſe ſupe-"rior to Pope's.—Surely, ſurely, every man is free to de-"ſerve well of his country." *John Ozell.*

We cannot but ſubſcribe to ſuch reverend teſtimonies as thoſe of the Bench of Biſhops, Mr. Toland, and Mr. Gildon.

Perch'd on his crown. "All hail! and hail again,
My son! the Promis'd Land expects thy reign.
Know Eusden thirsts no more for sack or praise;
He sleeps among the dull of ancient days;
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where wretched Withers, Ward, and Gildon rest,
And high-born Howard, more majestic sire,
With fool of quality completes the quire.
Thou, Cibber! thou his laurel shalt support;
Folly, my son, has still a friend at Court.

REMARKS.

Ver. 286. —*Gildon.*] Charles Gildon, a writer of criticisms and libels of the last age, bred at St. Omer's with the Jesuits; but renouncing Popery, he published Blount's books against the divinity of Christ, the oracles of reason, *&c.* He signalized himself as a critic, having written some very bad plays; abused Mr. P. very scandalously in an anonymous pamphlet of the Life of Mr. Wycherley, printed by Curl; in another called The New Rehearsal, printed in 1714; in a third, entitled The Complete Art of English Poetry, in two volumes; and others.

Ver. 297. —*Howard.*] Hon. Edward Howard, author of the British Princes, and a great number of wonderful pieces, celebrated by the late Earls of Dorset and Rochester, Duke of Buckingham, Mr. Waller, *&c.*

VARIATIONS.

Ver. 293. *Know Eusden*, &c.] In the former editions:

Know Settle, cloy'd with custard and with praise,
Is gather'd to the dull of ancient days;
Safe where no critics damn, no duns molest,
Where Gildon, Banks, and high-born Howard rest.
I see a king! who leads my chosen sons
To lands that flow with clenches and with puns:
'Till each fam'd theatre my empire own;
Till Albion, as Hibernia, bless my throne!
I see! I see!—Then rapt she spoke no more,
God save King Tibbald! Grubstreet alleys roar.
So when Jove's block, *&c.*

Lift up your gates, ye Princes, ſee him come!
Sound, ſound ye Viols, be the cat-call dumb!
Bring, bring the madding bay, the drunken vine,
The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.
And thou! his aid-de-camp, lead on my ſons,
Light-arm'd with points, antitheſes, and puns.
Let Bawdry, Billingſgate, my daughters dear,
Support his front, and Oaths bring up the rear:
And under his, and under Archer's wing,
Gaming and Grubſtreet ſkulk behind the King.
  O! when ſhall riſe a monarch all our own,
And I, a nurſing-mother, rock the throne;
'Twixt prince and people cloſe the curtain draw,
Shade him from light, and cover him from law;
Fatten the courtier, ſtarve the learned band,
And ſuckle armies, and dry-nurſe the land:
'Till ſenates nod to lullabies divine,
And all be ſleep, as at an ode of thine."
  She ceas'd. Then ſwells the Chapel-royal throat;
God ſave King Cibber! mounts in ev'ry note.
Familiar White's, God ſave King Colley! cries;
God ſave King Colley! Drury-lane replies:

IMITATIONS.

℣. 304. *The creeping, dirty, courtly ivy join.*]
" ——Quorum imagines lambunt
" Hederae ſequaces." *Per.*

℣. 311. *O! when ſhall riſe a monarch,* &c.] Boileau, Lutrin, chant. ii.
" Helas! qu'eſt devenu ce tems, cet heureux tems,
" Ou les rois s'honoroient du nom de Faineans," *&c.*

To Needham's quick the voice triumphal rode,
But pious Needham dropt the name of God;
Back to the Devil the laſt echoes roll,
And Coll! each butcher roars at Hockley-hole.
  So when Jove's block deſcended from on high,
(As ſings thy great forefather Ogilby)
Loud thunder to its bottom ſhook the bog,
And the hoarſe nation croak'd, God ſave King Log!

REMARKS.

Ꝟ. 324. *But pious Needham.*] A matron of great fame, and very religious in her way; whoſe conſtant prayer it was that ſhe might "get enough by her profeſſion to leave it "off in time, and make her peace with God." But her fate was not ſo happy; for being convicted, and ſet in the pillory, ſhe was (to the laſting ſhame of all her great friends and votaries) ſo ill uſed by the populace, that it put an end to her days.

THE TANJORE MAHARAJA SERFOGI'S SARASWATI MAHAL

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK II.

The Argument.

The King being proclaimed, the solemnity is graced with public games and sports of various kinds; not instituted by the Hero, as by Æneas in Virgil, but for greater honour by the Goddess in person, (in like manner as the games Pythia, Isthmia, &c. were anciently said to be ordained by the gods, and as Thetis herself appearing, according to Homer, Odyssey XXIV. proposed the prizes in honour of her son Achilles.) Hither flock the Poets and Critics, attended, as is but just, with their Patrons and Booksellers. The Goddess is first pleased, for her disport, to propose games to the Booksellers, and setteth up the phantom of a poet, which they contend to overtake. The races described, with their divers accidents. Next the game for a Poetess. Then follow the exercises for the Poets, of tickling, vociferating, diving: the first holds forth the arts and practices of Dedicators, the second of Disputants and fustian Poets, the third of profound, dark, and dirty Party-writers. Lastly, for the Critics the Goddess proposes (with great propriety) an exercise, not of their parts, but their patience, in hearing the works of two voluminous authors, the one in verse, and the other in prose, deliberately read, without sleeping; the various effects of which, with the several degrees and manners of their operation, are here set forth, till the whole number, not of Critics only, but of Spectators, Actors, and all present, fall fast asleep; which naturally and necessarily ends the Games.

High on a gorgeous seat, that far outshone
Henley's gilt tub, or Fleckno's Irish throne,

REMARKS.

Ver. 2.—*or Fleckno's Irish throne.*] Richard Fleckno was an Irish priest, but had laid aside (as himself expressed it)

Or that where on her Curls the Public pours,
All-bounteous, fragrant grains and golden ſhow'rs,
Great Cibber ſate: the proud Parnaſſian ſneer,
The conſcious ſimper, and the jealous leer,
Mix on his look: all eyes direct their rays
On him, and crowds turn coxcombs as they gaze.
His peers ſhine round him with reflected grace,
New edge their dulneſs, and new bronze their face.
So from the ſun's broad beam, in ſhallow urns,
Heaven's twinkling ſparks draw light, and point their
horns.

Not with more glee, by hands pontific crown'd,
With ſcarlet hats wide-waving circled round,
Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit,
Thron'd on ſeven hills, the antichriſt of wit.

REMARKS.

the mechanic part of prieſthood. He printed ſome plays, poems, letters, and travels. I doubt not our Author took occaſion to mention him in reſpect to the poem of Mr. Dryden, to which this bears ſome reſemblance, though of a character more different from it than that of the Aeneid from the Iliad, or the Lutrin of Boileau from the *Defait de Bouts rimees* of Sarazin.

℣. 15. *Rome in her Capitol ſaw Querno ſit.*] Camillo Querno was of Apulia, who, hearing the great encouragement which Leo X. gave to poets, travelled to Rome with a harp in his hand, and ſung to it twenty thouſand verſes

IMITATIONS.

℣. 1. *High on a gorgeous ſeat.*] Parody of Milton, Book II.
" High on a throne of royal ſtate, that far
" Outſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
" Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
" Show'rs on her kings Barbaric pearl and gold,
" Satan exalted ſate."——

And now the Queen, to glad her fons, proclaims
By herald hawkers high heroic games.
They fummon all her race: an endlefs band
Pours forth, and leaves unpeopled half the land.
A motly mixture! in long wigs, in bags,
In filks, in crapes, in garters, and in rags,
From drawing-rooms, from colleges, from garrets,
On horfe, on foot, in hacks, and gilded chariots;
All who true Dunces in her caufe appear'd,
And all who knew thofe Dunces to reward.
Amid that area wide they took their ftand,
Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
But now (fo Anne and Piety ordain)
A church collects the faints of Drury-lane.
With authors, ftationers obey'd the call,
(The field of glory is a field for all.)
Glory and gain th' induftrious tribe provoke,
And gentle Dulnefs ever loves a joke.

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of a poem called Alexias. He was introduced as a buffoon to Leo, and promoted to the honour of the Laurel: a jeft which the court of Rome and the Pope himfelf entered into fo far, as to caufe him to ride on an elephant to the Capitol, and to hold a folemn feftival on his coronation; at which, it is recorded, the poet himfelf was fo tranfported as to weep for joy *. He was ever after a conftant frequenter of the Pope's table, drank abundantly, and poured forth verfes without number. *Paulus Jovius, Elog. Vir. doct. cap.* xxxii. Some idea of his poetry is given by Fam. Strada, in his Prolufions.

* See Life of C. C. chap. vi. p. 149.

A poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes,
And bade the nimbleſt racer ſeize the prize;
No meagre, muſe-rid mope, aduſt and thin,
In a dun night-gown of his own looſe ſkin;
But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe,
Twelve ſtarv'ling bards of theſe degen'rate days.
All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
She form'd this image of well-body'd air;
With pert flat eyes ſhe window'd well its head,
A brain of feathers, and a heart of lead;
And empty words ſhe gave, and ſounding ſtrain,
But ſenſeleſs, lifeleſs, idol void and vain!
Never was daſh'd out, at one lucky hit,
A fool ſo juſt a copy of a wit;
So like, that critics ſaid, and courtiers ſwore,
A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.

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℣. 35. *A poet's form ſhe plac'd before their eyes.*] This is what Juno does to deceive Turnus, Aen. X.

"Tum Dea nube cava, tenuem *ſine viribus umbram*
"In faciem Aeneae (viſu mirabile monſtrum!)
"Dardaniis ornat telis, clypeumque jubaſque
"Divini aſſimilat capitis——
"——Dat *inania verba,*
"Dat *ſine mente ſonum*——"

The reader will obſerve how exactly ſome of theſe verſes ſuit with their allegorical application here to a plagiary. There ſeems to me a great propriety in this epiſode, where ſuch an one is imaged by a phantom that deludes the graſp of the expecting bookſeller.

℣. 39. *But ſuch a bulk as no twelve bards could raiſe.*]

"—ix illud lecti bis ſex——
"Qualia nunc hominum producit corpora tellus."

Virg. Aen. XII.

All gaze with ardour : ſome a poet's name,
Others a ſword-knot and lac'd ſuit inflame :
But lofty Lintot in the circle roſe,
" This prize is mine, who tempt it are my foes;
" With me began this genius, and ſhall end."
He ſpoke; and who with Lintot ſhall contend?
Fear held them mute. Alone, untaught to fear,
Stood dauntleſs Curl; " Behold that rival here!

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℣. 53. *But lofty Lintot.*] We enter here upon the epiſode of the Bookſellers; perſons, whoſe names being more known and famous in the learned world than thoſe of the authors in this Poem, do therefore need leſs explanation. The action of Mr. Lintot here, imitates that of Dares in Virgil, riſing juſt in this manner to lay hold on a bull. This eminent bookſeller printed the Rival Modes before mentioned.

℣. 58. *Stood dauntleſs Curl.*] We come now to a character of much reſpect, that of Mr. Edmund Curl. As a plain repetition of great actions is the beſt praiſe of them, we ſhall only ſay of this eminent man, that he carried the trade many lengths beyond what it ever before had arrived at; and that he was the envy and admiration of all his profeſſion. He poſſeſſed himſelf of a command over all authors whatever; he cauſed them to write what he pleaſed; they could not call their very names their own. He was not only famous among theſe, he was taken notice of by the ſtate, the church, and the law, and received particular marks of diſtinction from each.

It will be owned that he is here introduced with all poſſible dignity: he ſpeaks like the intrepid Diomed; he runs like the ſwift-footed Achilles; if he falls, 'tis like the beloved Niſus; and (what Homer makes to be the chief of all praiſes) he is favoured of the gods: he ſays but three words, and his prayer is heard; a goddeſs conveys it to the ſeat of Jupiter. Though he loſes the prize, he gains the victory; the Great Mother herſelf comforts him, ſhe inſpires him with expedients, ſhe honours him with an immortal preſent (ſuch as Achilles receives from Thetis, and Aeneas from Venus) at once inſtructive and prophetical. After this he is unrivalled and triumphant.

"The race by vigour, not by vaunts, is won;
"So take, the hindmoſt, Hell," he ſaid, and run.
Swift as a bard the bailiff leaves behind,
He left huge Lintot, and outſtript the wind.
As when a dab-chick waddles through the copſe
On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;
So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head,
Wide as a windmill all his figure ſpread,

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The tribute our Author here pays him is a grateful return for ſeveral unmerited obligations: many weighty animadverſions on the public affairs, and many excellent and diverting pieces on private perſons, has he given to his name. If ever he owed two verſes to any other, he owed Mr. Curl ſome thouſands. He was every day extending his fame, and enlarging his writings: witneſs innumerable inſtances: but it ſhall ſuffice only to mention the Court Poems, which he meant to publiſh as the work of the true writer,

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℣. 60. *So take the hindmoſt, Hell.*]
"Occupet extremum ſcabies; mihi turpe relinqui eſt."
Hor. de Arte.

℣. 61, *&c.*] Something like this is in Homer, Iliad X. ver. 220. of Diomed. Two different manners of the ſame author in his ſimilies are alſo imitated in the two following; the firſt, of the Bailiff, is ſhort, unadorned, and (as the critics well know) from familiar life; the ſecond, of the Water-fowl, more extended, picturesque, and from rural life. The 59th verſe is likewiſe a literal tranſlation of one in Homer

℣. 64, 65. *On feet and wings, and flies, and wades, and hops;*
So lab'ring on, with ſhoulders, hands, and head.]
"——So eagerly the Fiend
"O'er bog, o'er ſteep, thro' ſtreight, rough, denſe, or rare,
"With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way,
"And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies."
Milton, Book II.

With arms expanded Bernard rows his ſtate,
And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.
Full in the middle way there ſtood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make;
(Such was her wont, at early dawn to drop 71
Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's ſhop);
Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide; loud ſhout the band,
And Bernard! Bernard! rings through all the Strand.

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a lady of quality; but being firſt threatened, and afterwards puniſhed for it by Mr. Pope, he generouſly transferred it from her to him, and ever ſince printed it in his name. The ſingle time that ever he ſpoke to C. was on that affair, and to that happy incident he owed all the favours ſince received from him: ſo true is the ſaying of Dr. Sydenham, "That any one ſhall be, at ſome time or other, the better "or the worſe for having but ſeen or ſpoken to a good or "bad man."

Ỳ. 70. —*Curl's Corinna.*] This name, it ſeems, was taken by one Mrs T——, who procured ſome private letters of Mr. Pope, while almoſt a boy, to Mr. Cromwell, and ſold them without the conſent of either of thoſe gentlemen to Curl, who printed them in 12mo, 1727. He diſcovered her to be the publiſher, in his Key, p. 11. We only take this

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Ỳ. 67, 68. *With arms expanded, Bernard rows his ſtate, And left-legg'd Jacob ſeems to emulate.*]

Milton, of the motion of the ſwan,

"——rows
"His ſtate with oary feet."

And Dryden, of another's—*With two left legs*—

Ỳ. 73. *Here fortun'd Curl to ſlide.*]

"Labitur infelix, caeſis ut forte juvencis
"Fuſus humum, virideſque ſuper madefecerat herbas—
"Concidit, immundoque fimo, ſacroque cruore."

Virg. Aen. V. of Niſus.

Ỳ. 74. *And Bernard! Bernard!*]

"——Ut littus, Hyla! Hyla! omne ſonaret."

Virg. *Ecl.* vi.

Obſcene with filth the miſcreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plaſh his wickedneſs had laid:
Then firſt (if poets aught of truth declare)
The caitiff vaticide conceiv'd a pray'r.
  Hear, Jove! whoſe name my bards and I adore,
As much at leaſt as any god's, or more;
And him and his, if more devotion warms,
Down with the Bible, up with the Pope's Arms.
  A place there is betwixt earth, air, and ſeas,
Where, from ambroſia, Jove retires for eaſe.
There in his ſeat two ſpacious vents appear,
On this he ſits, to that he leans his ear,
And hears the various vows of fond mankind;
Some beg an eaſtern, ſome a weſtern wind:
All vain petitions, mounting to the ſky,
With reams abundant this abode ſupply;
Amus'd he reads, and then returns the bills,
Sign'd with that ichor which from gods diſtils.
  In office here fair Cloacina ſtands,
And miniſters to Jove with pureſt hands.

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opportunity of mentioning the manner in which thoſe letters got abroad, which the author was aſhamed of as very trivial things, full not only of levities, but of wrong judgments of men and books, and only excuſable from the youth and inexperience of the writer.

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Ver. 83. *A place there is betwixt earth, air, and ſeas.*]
"Orbe locus medio eſt, inter terraſque, fretumque,
"Coeleſteſque plagas."— *Ovid.* Met. xii.

Forth from the heap ſhe pick'd her vot'ry's pray'r,
And plac'd it next him, a diſtinction rare!
Oft had the Goddeſs heard her ſervant's call,
From her black grottoes near the Temple-wall,
Liſt'ning delighted to the jeſt unclean
Of link-boys vile, and watermen obſcene;
Where as he fiſh'd her nether realms for wit,
She oft had favour'd him, and favours yet.
Renew'd by ordure's ſympathetic force,
As oil'd with magic juices for the courſe,
Vig'rous he riſes; from th' effluvia ſtrong
Imbibes new life, and ſcours and ſtinks along;
Repaſſes Lintot, vindicates the race,
Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.
And now the victor ſtretch'd his eager hand
Where the tall Nothing ſtood, or ſeem'd to ſtand;
A ſhapeleſs ſhade, it melted from his ſight,
Like forms in clouds, or viſions of the night.
To ſeize his papers, Curl, was next thy care;
His papers light, fly diverſe, toſs'd in air;

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Ṽ. 108. *Nor heeds the brown diſhonours of his face.*]
" —Faciem oſtentabat, et udo
" Turpia membra fimo."— *Virg.* Aen. V.
Ṽ. 111. *A ſhapeleſs ſhade*, &c.]
" —Effugit imago
" Par levibus ventis, volucrique ſimillima ſomno."
Virg. Aen. VI.
Ṽ. 114. *His papers light, fly diverſe, toſs'd in air.*] Virgil, Aen. VI. of the Sibyls' leaves:
" Carmina—
" Turbata volent rapidis ludibria ventis."

Songs, ſonnets, epigrams, the winds uplift,
And whiſk 'em back to Evans, Young, and Swift.
Th' embroider'd ſuit at leaſt he deem'd his prey,
That ſuit an unpaid tailor ſnatch'd away.
No rag, no ſcrap, of all the beau, or wit,
That once ſo flutter'd, and that once ſo writ.
Heav'n rings with laughter: of the laughter vain,
Dulneſs, good Queen, repeats the jeſt again.
Three wicked imps, of her own Grubſtreet choir,
She deck'd like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior;
Mears, Warner, Wilkins run: deluſive thought!
Breval, Bond, Beſaleel, the varlets caught.
Curl ſtretches after Gay, but Gay is gone,
He graſps an empty Joſeph for a John:

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℣. 116. *Evans, Young, and Swift.*] Some of thoſe perſons whoſe writings, epigrams, or jeſts, he had owned.

℣. 124. —*like Congreve, Addiſon, and Prior.*] Theſe authors being ſuch whoſe names will reach poſterity, we ſhall not give any account of them, but proceed to thoſe of whom it is neceſſary.—Beſaleel Morris was author of ſome ſatires on the tranſlators of Homer, with many other things printed in newſpapers —— "Bond writ a ſatire againſt Mr. P—, "Capt. Breval was author of The Confederates, an ingenious dramatic performance, to expoſe Mr. P. Mr. Gay, Dr. "Arbuthnot, and ſome ladies of quality," ſays Curl, Key, p. 11.

℣. 125. *Meſrs, Warner Wilkins.*] Bookſellers, and printers of much anonymous ſtuff.

℣. 128. *Joſeph Gay.*] A fictitious name put by Curl before ſeveral pamphlets, which made them paſs with many for Mr. Gay's —The ambiguity of the word *Joſeph*, which likewiſe ſignifies a looſe upper coat, gives much pleaſantry to the idea.

So Proteus, hunted in a nobler ſhape,
Became, when ſeiz'd, a puppy, or an ape.
　To him the Goddeſs: Son! thy grief lay down,
And turn this whole illuſion on the Town.
As the ſage dame, experienc'd in her trade,
By names of toaſts retails each batter'd jade;
(Whence hapleſs Monſieur much complains at Paris
Of wrongs from ducheſſes and Lady Maries;)
Be thine, my Stationer! this magic gift;
Cook ſhall be Prior, and Concanen Swift:
So ſhall each hoſtile name become our own,
And we, too, boaſt our Garth and Addiſon.
　With that ſhe gave him (piteous of his caſe,
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face)

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℣. 138. *Cook ſhall be Prior,*] The man here ſpecified writ a thing called The Battle of Poets, in which Philips and Welſted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed. He alſo publiſhed ſome malevolent things in the British, London, and Daily Journals: and, at the ſame time, wrote letters to Mr. Pope proteſting his innocence. His chief work was a tranſlation of Heſiod, to which Theobald wrote notes, and half notes, which he carefully owned.

Ibid. —— *and Concanen Swift.*] In the firſt edition of this Poem there were only aſteriſks in this place, but the names were ſince inſerted, merely to fill up the verſe, and give eaſe to the ear of the reader.

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℣. 141, 142. ——*(piteous of his caſe,*
Yet ſmiling at his rueful length of face.)]
"———Riſit pater optimus illi.——
"Me liceat caſum miſereri inſontis amici——
"Sic fatus, tergum Gaetuli immane leonis," &c.
Virg. Aen. V.

A ſhaggy tapeſtry, worthy to be ſpread
On Codrus' old, or Dunton's modern bed;
Inſtructive work! whoſe wry-mouth'd portraiture
Diſplay'd the fates her confeſſors endure.
Earleſs on high ſtood unabaſh'd De Foe,
And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge below:
There Ridpath, Roper, cudgell'd might ye view,
The very worſted ſtill look'd black and blue.
Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies,
As, from the blanket, high in air he flies,

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℣. 144. —*Dunton's modern bed.*] John Dunton was a broken bookſeller, and abuſive ſcribbler; he writ Neck or Nothing, a violent ſatire on ſome miniſters of ſtate; a libel on the Duke of Devonſhire and the Biſhop of Peterborough, *&c.*

℣. 148. *And Tutchin flagrant from the ſcourge.*] John Tutchin, author of ſome vile verſes, and of a weekly Paper called The Obſervator: he was ſentenced to be whipped through ſeveral towns in the weſt of England, upon which he petitioned King James II. to be hanged. When that prince died in exile, he wrote an invective againſt his memory, occaſioned by ſome humane elegies on his death. He lived to the time of Queen Anne.

℣. 149. *There Ridpath, Roper.*] Authors of the Flying-poſt, and Poſt-boy, two ſcandalous papers on different ſides, for which they equally and alternately deſerved to be cudgelled, and were ſo.

℣. 151. *Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies.*] The hiſtory of Curl's being toſſed in a blanket, and whipped by the ſcholars of Weſtminſter, is well known. Of his purging and vomiting, ſee a full and true account of a

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℣. 151. *Himſelf among the ſtory'd chiefs he ſpies.*]
"Se quoque principibus permixtum agnovit Achivis—
"Conſtitit, et lacrymans: Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate!
"Quae regio in terris noſtri non plena laboris?"
Virg. Aen. I.

And oh! (he cry'd) what ſtreet, what lane but knows
Our purgings, pumpings, blankettings, and blows?
In ev'ry loom our labours ſhall be ſeen,
And the freſh vomit run for ever green!
  See in the circle next Eliza plac'd,
Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt;
Fair as before her works ſhe ſtands confeſs'd,
In flow'rs and pearls by bounteous Kirkall dreſs'd.
  The Goddeſs then: "Who beſt can ſend on high
"The ſalient ſpout, far-ſtreaming to the ſky,

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horrid revenge on the body of Edmund Curl, *&c.* in Swift and Pope's Miſcellanies.

℣. 157. *See in the circle next Eliza plac'd.*] Eliza Haywood; this woman was authoreſs of thoſe moſt ſcandalous books called The Court of Carimania, and The New Utopia. For the two Babes of Love, ſee Curl, Key, p. 22. But whatever reflection he is pleaſed to throw upon this Lady, ſurely it was what from him ſhe little deſerved, who had celebrated Curl's undertakings for reformation of manners, and declared herſelf "to be ſo perfectly acquainted "with the ſweetneſs of his diſpoſition, and that tenderneſs "with which he conſidered the errors of his fellow-crea- "tures, that, though ſhe ſhould find the little inadver- "tencies of her own life recorded in his papers, ſhe was "certain it would be done in ſuch a manner as ſhe could "not but approve." Mrs. Haywood, Hiſt. of Car. printed in the Female Dunciad, p. 18

℣. 160. *Kirkall.*] The name of an engraver. Some of this Lady's works were printed in four volumes in 12mo, with her picture thus dreſſed up before them.

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℣. 156. *And the freſh vomit run for ever green!*] A parody on theſe lines of a late noble author:

"His bleeding arm had furniſh'd all their rooms,
"And run for ever purple in the looms."

℣. 158. *Two babes of love cloſe clinging to her waiſt.*]

"Creſſa genus, Pholoe, geminique ſub ubere nati."

Virg. Aen. V.

"His be yon Juno of majeſtic ſize,
"With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.
"This China jordan let the chief o'ercome
"Repleniſh, not ingloriouſly, at home."
Oſborne and Curl accept the glorious ſtrife,
(Tho' this his ſon diſſuades, and that his wife.)

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Ỳ. 167. *Oſborne, Thomas.*] A bookſeller in Gray's-Inn, very well qualified by his impudence to act this part; therefore placed here inſtead of a leſs-deſerving predeceſſor. This man publiſhed advertiſements for a year together, pretending to ſell Mr. Pope's ſubſcription-books of Homer's Iliad at half the price: of which books he had none, but cut to the ſize of them (which was quarto) the common books in folio, without copperplates, on a worſe paper, and never above half the value.

Upon this advertiſement the Gazetteer harangued thus, July 6. 1739. "How melancholy muſt it be to a writer to "be ſo unhappy as to ſee his works hawked for ſale in a "manner ſo fatal to his fame! How, with honour to your-"ſelf, and juſtice to your ſubſcribers, can this be done? "What an ingratitude to be charged on the only honeſt "poet that lived in 1738! and than whom Virtue has not "had a ſhriller trumpeter for many ages! That you were "once generally admired and eſteemed can be denied by "none; but that you and your works are now deſpiſed, is "verified by this fact:" which being utterly falſe, did not indeed much humble the Author, but drew this juſt chaſtiſement on the bookſeller.

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Ỳ. 163.—*yon Juno—*
With cow-like udders, and with ox-like eyes.]
In alluſion to Homer's Βοῶπις ϖότνια Ἥρη.

Ỳ. 165. *This China jordan.*]
"Tertius Argolica hac galea contentus abito."
Virg. Aen. VI.

In the games of Homer, Iliad XXIII. there are ſet together, as prizes, a lady and a kettle, as in this place Mrs. Haywood and a jordan. But there the preference in value is given to the kettle, at which Madam Dacier is juſtly diſpleaſed.

One on his manly confidence relies,
One on his vigour and ſuperior ſize.
Firſt Oſborne lean'd againſt his letter'd poſt;
It roſe, and labour'd to a curve at moſt.
So Jove's bright bow diſplays its wat'ry round,
(Sure ſign that no ſpectator ſhall be drown'd.)
A ſecond effort brought but new diſgrace,
The wild meander waſh'd the artiſt's face:
Thus the ſmall jet, which haſty hands unlock,
Spirts in the gard'ner's eyes who turns the cock.
Not ſo from ſhameleſs Curl; impetuous ſpread
The ſtream, and ſmoking flouriſh'd o'er his head.
So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)
Eridanus his humble fountain ſcorns;

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Mrs. H. is here treated with diſtinction, and acknowledged to be the more valuable of the two.

Ÿ 169, 170. *One on his manly confidence relies,*
One on his vigour.]

"Ille—melior motu, fretuſque juventa;
"Hic membris et mole valens." *Virg.* Aen. V.

Ÿ. 173, 174. *So Jove's bright bow——*
Sure ſign——]

The words of Homer, of the rain-bow, in Iliad XI.

——ἅς τε Κρονίων
Ἐν νέφεϊ ϛήριξε τέρας μερόπων ἀνθρώπων.

Que le fils de Saturne a fondez dans les nues, pour etre dans tous les ages une ſigne a tous les mortels. *Dacier.*

Ÿ. 181, 182. *So (fam'd like thee for turbulence and horns)*
Eridanus.]

Virgil mentions theſe two qualifications of Eridanus, Georg. IV.

"Et gemina auratus taurina *cornua* vultu,
"Eridanus, quo non alius per pinguia culta
"In mare purpureum *violentior* influit amnis."

Through half the heav'ns he pours th' exalted urn;
His rapid waters in their paſſage burn.
Swift as it mounts, all follow with their eyes;
Still happy Impudence obtains the prize.
Thou triumph'ſt, victor of the high-wrought day,
And the pleas'd dame, ſoft-ſmiling, lead'ſt away.
Oſborne, through perfect modeſty o'ercome,
Crown'd with the jordan, walks contented home.
But now for authors nobler palms remain;
Room for my Lord! three jockies in his train;
Six huntſmen with a ſhout precede his chair:
He grins, and looks broad nonſenſe with a ſtare.
His Honour's meaning Dulneſs thus expreſt,
"He wins this patron who can tickle beſt."
He chinks his purſe, and takes his ſeat of ſtate:
With ready quills the Dedicators wait;
Now at his head the dext'rous taſk commence,
And, inſtant, Fancy feels th' imputed ſenſe;
Now gentle touches wanton o'er his face,
He ſtruts Adonis, and affects grimace:
Rolli the feather to his ear conveys;
Then his nice taſte directs our operas:

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Ver. 203.] Paolo Antonio Rolli, an Italian poet, and writer of many operas in that language, which, partly by the help

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The poets fabled of this river Eridanus, that it flowed thro' the ſkies. Denham Cooper's Hill:

"Heav'n her Eridanus no more ſhall boaſt,
"Whoſe fame in thine, like leſſer currents loſt,
"Thy nobler ſtream ſhall viſit Jove's abodes,
"To ſhine among the ſtars, and bathe the gods."

Bentley his mouth with claſſic flatt'ry opes,
And the puff'd orator burſts out in tropes.
But Welſted moſt the poet's healing balm
Strives to extract from his ſoft-giving palm.

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of his genius, prevailed in England near twenty years. He taught Italian to ſome fine gentlemen, who affected to direct the operas.

℣. 205. *Bentley his mouth*, &c.] Not ſpoken of the famous Dr. Richard Bentley, but of one Tho. Bentley, a ſmall critic, who aped his uncle in a *little Horace*. The great one was intended to be dedicated to the Lord Halifax, but (on a change of the miniſtry) was given to the Earl of Oxford; for which reaſon the little one was dedicated to his ſon the Lord Harley.

℣. 207. —*Welſted.*] Leonard Welſted, author of The Triumvirate; or, A Letter in verſe from Palaemon to Celia at Bath, which was meant for a ſatire on Mr. P. and ſome of his friends, about the year 1718. He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his Metamorphoſis of Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: and there was another in praiſe either of a cellar, or a garret. L. W. characteriſed in the treatiſe Περὶ Βάθους, or, The Art of Sinking, as a didapper, and after as an eel, is ſaid to be this perſon, by Dennis, Daily Journal of May 11. 1728.

He was alſo characteriſed under another animal, a mole, by the author of the enſuing ſimile, which was handed about at the ſame time:

" Dear Welſted, mark, in dirty hole,
" That painful animal, a mole:
" Above ground never born to grow,
" What mighty ſtir it keeps below!
" To make a mole-hill all this ſtrife!
" It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
" How proud a little dirt to ſpread,
" Conſcious of nothing o'er its head!
" 'Till, lab'ring on for want of eyes,
" It blunders into light, and dies."

You have him again in Book III. ver. 169.

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℣. 207.] In the firſt edition:
But Oldmixon the poet's healing balm, &c.

Unlucky Welfted! thy unfeeling mafter,
The more thou tickleft, gripes his fift the fafter.

While thus each hand promotes the pleafing pain,
And quick fenfations fkip from vein to vein,
A youth unknown to Phœbus, in defpair,
Puts his laft refuge all in heav'n and pray'r.
What force have pious vows! The Queen of Love
Her fifter fends, her vot'refs from above.
As taught by Venus, Paris learnt the art
To touch Achilles' only tender part;
Secure, through her, the noble prize to carry,
He marches off, his Grace's fecretary.

Now turn to diff'rent fports (the Goddefs cries)
And learn, my Sons, the wondrous pow'r of Noife,
To move, to raife, to ravifh ev'ry heart,
With Shakefpeare's nature, or with Johnfon's art,
Let others aim; 'tis yours to fhake the foul
With thunder rumbling from the muftard bowl;
With horns and trumpets now to madnefs fwell,
Now fink in forrows with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command
When Fancy flags, and fenfe is at a ftand.

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Ÿ. 223, 225. *To move, to raife, &c.*
Let others aim; 'tis yours to fhake, &c.]
"Excudent alii fpirantia mollius aera.
"Credo equidem, vivos ducent de marmore vultus, &c.
"Tu regere imperio populos Romane, memento,
"Hae tibi erunt artes."——

Improve we these. Three cat-calls be the bribe
Of him whose chatt'ring shames the monkey tribe;
And his this drum, whose hoarse heroic base
Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass.
 Now thousand tongues are heard in one loud din;
The monkey-mimics rush discordant in;
'Twas chatt'ring, grinning, mouthing, jabb'ring all,
And noise and Norton, brangling and Breval,
Dennis and dissonance, and captious Art,
And snip-snap short, and interruption smart,
And demonstration thin, and theses thick,
And major, minor, and conclusion quick.
Hold, (cry'd the Queen) a cat-call each shall win;
Equal your merits! equal is your din!
But that this well-disputed game may end,
Sound forth, my Brayers, and the welkin rend.
 As when the long-ear'd milky mothers wait
At some sick miser's triple-bolted gate,
For their defrauded, absent foals they make
A moan so loud, that all the guild awake;

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℣. 238. —— *Norton.*] See ver. 415.—J. Durant Breval, author of a very extraordinary book of travels, and some poems.

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℣. 243. —— *A cat-call each shall win*, &c.]
" Non nostrum inter vos tantas componere lites,
" Et vitula tu dignus, et hic." *Virg.* Ecl. III.

℣. 247. *As when the*, &c.] A simile, with a long tail, in the manner of Homer.

Sore ſighs Sir Gilbert, ſtarting at the bray,
From dreams of millions, and three groats to pay:
So ſwells each wind-pipe; aſs intones to aſs,
Harmonic twang! of leather, horn, and braſs;
Such as from lab'ring lungs th' enthuſiaſt blows,
High ſound, attemper'd to the vocal noſe;
Or ſuch as bellow from the deep divine;
There, Webſter! peal'd thy voice, and, Whitefield! [thine.
But far o'er all, ſonorous Blackmore's ſtrain;
Walls, ſteeples, ſkies, bray back to him again.
In Tot'nam fields the Brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!

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℣. 258.—*Webſter—and, Whitefield.*] The one the writer of a newſpaper called The Weekly Miſcellany, the other a field preacher. *This* thought the only means of advancing religion was by the new-birth of ſpiritual madneſs; *that* by the old death of fire and faggot: and therefore they agreed in this, though in no other earthly thing, to abuſe all the ſober clergy. From the ſmall ſucceſs of theſe two extraor-

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℣. 260. ——*bray back to him again.*] A figure of ſpeech taken from Virgil:

"Et vox aſſenſu nemorum ingeminata remugit."
Georg. III.

"He hears his numerous herds low o'er the plain,
"While neighb'ring hills *low* back to them again."
Cowley.

The poet here celebrated, Sir R. B. delighted much in the word *bray*, which he endeavoured to ennoble by applying it to the ſound of *armour*, *war*, &c. In imitation of him, and ſtrengthened by his authority, our Author has here admitted it into heroic poetry.

℣. 262. *Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze!*]
"Immemor herbarum quos eſt mirata juvenca."
Virg. Ecl viii.

The progreſs of the ſound from place to place, and the

Long Chanc'ry-lane retentive rolls the ſound,
And courts to courts return it round and round;
Thames wafts it thence to Rufus' roaring hall,
And Hungerford re-echoes bawl for bawl.
All hail him victor in both gifts of ſong,
Who ſings ſo loudly, and who ſings ſo long.
  This labour paſt, by Bridewell all deſcend,
(As morning pray'r and flagellation end)
To where Fleet-ditch with diſemboguing ſtreams
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames,
The king of dykes! than whom no ſluice of mud
With deeper ſable blots the ſilver flood.
"Here ſtrip, my Children! here at once leap in,
"Here prove who beſt can daſh thro' thick and thin,
"And who the moſt in love of dirt excel,
"Or dark dexterity of groping well:
"Who flings moſt filth, and wide pollutes around
"The ſtream, be his the Weekly Journals bound;

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dinary perſons, we may learn how little hurtful bigotry and enthuſiaſm are, while the civil magiſtrate prudently forbears to lend his power to the one, in order to the employing it againſt the other.

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ſcenery here of the bordering regions, Tottenham-fields, Chancery-lane, the Thames, Weſtminſter-hall, and Hungerford-ſtairs, are imitated from Virgil, Aen. VII. on the ſounding the horn of Alecto:
"Audiit et Triviae longe lacus, audiit amnis
"Sulphurea Nar albus aqua, fonteſque Velini," &c.

Ver. 273. *The king of dykes!* &c.]
"Fluviorum rex Eridanus,
"———Quo non alius, per pinguia culta,
"In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis." *Virg.*

"A pig of Lead to him who dives the beſt;
"A peck of Coals a-piece ſhall glad the reſt."
In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands,
And, Milo-like, ſurveys his arms and hands;
Then ſighing, thus, "And am I now threeſcore?
"Ah, why, ye Gods! ſhould two and two make four?"
He ſaid, and climb'd a ſtranded lighter's height,
Shot to the black abyſs, and plung'd downright:
The ſenior's judgment all the crowd admire,
Who but to ſink the deeper roſe the higher.
Next Smedley div'd; ſlow circles dimpled o'er
The quaking mud, that clos'd and op'd no more.
All look, all ſigh, and call on Smedley loſt;
Smedley in vain reſounds through all the coaſt.

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Ỷ. 283. *In naked majeſty Oldmixon ſtands.*] Mr. John Oldmixon, next to Mr. Dennis, the moſt ancient critic of our nation; an unjuſt cenſurer of Mr. Addiſon in his proſe Eſſay on Criticiſm, whom alſo, in his imitation of Bouhours (called the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric) he miſrepreſents in plain matter of fact; for in p. 45. he cites the Spectator as abuſing Dr. Swift by name, where there is not the leaſt hint of it; and in p. 304. is ſo injurious as to ſuggeſt that Mr. Addiſon himſelf writ that Tatler, No. 43. which ſays of his own ſimile, that "It is as great as ever entered "into the mind of man." "In poetry he was not ſo hap-

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Ỷ. 285. *Then ſighing, thus, And am I now threeſcore?* &c.]
"——Fletque Milon ſenior, cum ſpectat inanes
"Herculeis ſimiles, fluidos pendere lacertos." *Ovid.*

Ỷ. 293. —*And call on Smedley loſt*, &c.]
"Alcides wept in vain for Hylas loſt,
"Hylas, in vain, reſounds through all the coaſt."
Lord Roſcom. Tranſlat. of Ecl. vi. of Virgil.

Then * eſſay'd; ſcarce vaniſh'd out of ſight,
He buoys up inſtant, and returns to light;

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"py as laborious, and is therefore characterized by the "Tatler, No. 62. by the name of Omicron the unborn poet." Curl, Key, p. 13. "He writ dramatic works, and a volume "of poetry confiſting of Heroic epiſtles, &c. ſome whereof "are very well done," ſaid that great judge, Mr. Jacob, in his Lives of Poets, vol. II. p. 303.

In his Eſſay on Criticiſm, and the Arts of Logic and Rhetoric, he frequently reflects on our Author. But the top of his character was a perverter of hiſtory, in that ſcandalous one of the Stuarts, in folio, and his Critical Hiſtory of England, two volumes octavo. Being employed by Biſhop Kennet, in publiſhing the hiſtorians in his Collection, he falſified Daniel's Chronicle in numberleſs places. Yet this very man, in the preface to the firſt of theſe books, advanced a particular fact to charge three eminent perſons of falſifying the Lord Clarendon's Hiſtory; which fact has been diſproved by Dr. Atterbury, late biſhop of Rocheſter, then the only ſurvivor of them; and the particular part he pretended to be falſified produced ſince, after almoſt ninety years, in that noble author's original manuſcript. He was all his life a virulent party-writer for hire, and received his reward in a ſmall place, which he enjoyed to his death.

℣. 291. *Next Smedley div'd.*] In the ſurreptitious editions this whole epiſode was applied to an initial letter E—, by whom if they meant the Laureate, nothing was more abſurd, no part agreeing with his character. The allegory evidently demands a perſon dipped in ſcandal, and deeply immerſed in dirty work; whereas Mr. Euſden's writings rarely offended but by their length and multitude, and accordingly are taxed of nothing elſe in Book I. ver. 102. But the perſon here mentioned, an Iriſhman, was author and publiſher of many ſcurrilous pieces, a Weekly Whitehall Journal, in the year 1722, in the name of Sir James Baker; and particularly whole volumes of Billingſgate againſt Dr. Swift and Mr. Pope, called Gulliveriana and Alexandriana, printed in octavo, 1728.

℣. 295. *Then * eſſay'd*] A gentleman of genius and ſpirit, who was ſecretly dipt in ſome papers of this kind, on whom our Poet beſtows a panegyric inſtead of a ſatire, as deſerving to be better employed than in party-quarrels and perſonal invectives.

He bears no tokens of the fabler ftreams,
And mounts far off among the fwans of Thames.
True to the bottom, fee Concanen creep,
A cold, long-winded, native of the deep;
If perfeverance gain the diver's prize,
Not everlafting Blackmore this denies:
No noife, no ftir, no motion canft thou make,
Th' unconfcious ftream fleeps o'er thee like a lake.
Next plung'd a feeble, but a defp'rate pack,
With each a fickly brother at his back:

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ỹ. 299. *Concanen.*] Matthew Concanen, an Irifhman, bred to the law. Smedley (one of his brethren in enmity to Swift) in his Metamorphofis of Scriblerus, p. 7. accufes him of "having boafted of what he had not written, but "others had revifed and done for him." He was author of feveral dull and dead fcurrilities in the Britifh and London Journals, and in a paper called The Speculatift. In a pamphlet, called A Supplement to the Profound, he dealt very unfairly with our Poet, not only frequently imputing to him Mr. Broome's verfes, (for which he might indeed feem in fome degree accountable, having corrected what that gentleman did) but thofe of the Duke of Buckingham and others: to this rare piece fome body humouroufly caufed him to take for his motto *De profundis clamavi.* He was fince a hired fcribbler in the Daily Courant, where he poured forth much Billingfgate againft the Lord Bolingbroke and others; after which this man was furprifingly promoted to adminifter juftice and law in Jamaica.

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After ver. 298. in the firft edit. followed thefe,

Far worfe unhappy D—r fucceeds,
He fearch'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds.

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ỹ. 302. *Not everlafting Blackmore.*]
"Nec bonus Eurytion praelato invidit honori," &c.
Virg. Aen.

Sons of a day! juſt buoyant on the flood,
Then number'd with the puppies in the mud.
Aſk ye their names? I could as ſoon diſcloſe
The names of theſe blind puppies as of thoſe.
Faſt by, like Niobe (her children gone)
Sits Mother Oſborne, ſtupify'd to ſtone!
And monumental braſs this record bears,
"These are, ah no! theſe were the Gazetteers!"
Not ſo bold Arnall; with a weight of ſcull
Furious he dives, precipitately dull.
Whirlpools and ſtorms his circling arms inveſt,
With all the might of gravitation bleſt.
No crab more active in the dirty dance,
Downward to climb, and backward to advance,

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℣. 312. —*Oſborne.*] A name aſſumed by the eldeſt and graveſt of theſe writers, who at laſt being aſhamed of his pupils, gave his paper over, and in his age remained ſilent.

℣. 315. *Arnall.*] William Arnall, bred an attorney, was a perfect genius in this ſort of work. He began under twenty with furious party-papers; then ſucceeded Concanen in the Britiſh Journal. At the firſt publication of the Dunciad, he prevailed on the Author not to give him his due place in it, by a letter profeſſing his deteſtation of ſuch practices as his predeceſſors. But ſince, by the moſt unexampled inſolence, and perſonal abuſe of ſeveral great men, the Poet's particular friends, he moſt amply deſerved a niche in the Temple of Infamy: witneſs a paper called The Free Briton; a Dedication entitled, To the Genuine Blunderer, 1732, and many others. He writ for hire, and valued himſelf upon it; not indeed without cauſe, it appearing that he received "for Free Britons, and other writings, in the "ſpace of four years, no leſs than ten thouſand nine hun-"dred and ninety-ſeven pounds ſix ſhillings and eight-pence, "out of the Treaſury." But frequently, through his fury or folly, he exceeded all the bounds of his commiſſion, and obliged his honourable patron to diſavow his ſcurrilities.

He brings up half the bottom on his head,
And loudly claims the Journals and the Lead.
' The plunging Prelate, and his pond'rous Grace,
With holy envy gave one layman place.
When lo! a burſt of thunder ſhook the flood,
Slow roſe a form in majeſty of Mud;
Shaking the horrors of his ſable brows,
And each ferocious feature grim with ooze.
Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares;
Then thus the wonders of the deep declares.
First he relates how, ſinking to the chin,
Smit with his mien, the Mud-nymphs ſuck'd him in;
How young Lutetia, ſofter than the down,
Nigrina black, and Merdamante brown,
Vy'd for his love in jetty bow'rs below,
As Hylas fair was raviſh'd long ago.

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℣. 323 *The plunging Prelate, &c.*] It having been invidiouſly inſinuated that by this title was meant a truly great prelate, as reſpectable for his defence of the preſent balance of power in the Civil conſtitution, as for his oppoſition to the ſcheme of no power at all, in the Religious, I owe ſo much to the memory of my deceaſed friend as to declare, that when, a little before his death, I informed him of this inſinuation, he called it vile and malicious; any candid man, he ſaid, might underſtand, by his having paid a willing compliment to this very prelate in another part of the Poem.

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℣. 329. *Greater he looks, and more than mortal ſtares.*] *Virg.* Aen. VI. of the Sibyl:
" ——majorque videri,
" Nec mortale ſonans" ——

Then ſung, how ſhown him by the Nut-brown maids
A branch of Styx here riſes from the ſhades,
That tinctur'd as it runs with Lethe's ſtreams,
And wafting vapours from the land of dreams,
(As under ſeas Alpheus' ſecret ſluice
Bears Piſa's offerings to his Arethuſe)
Pours into Thames; and hence the mingled wave
Intoxicates the pert, and lulls the grave:
Here briſker vapours o'er the Temple creep;
There all from Paul's to Aldgate drink and ſleep.
  Thence to the banks where rev'rend bards repoſe
They led him ſoft; each rev'rend bard aroſe;
And Milbourn chief, deputed by the reſt,
Gave him the caſſock, ſurcingle, and veſt.
"Receive (he ſaid) theſe robes which once were mine,
"Dulneſs is ſacred in a ſound divine."
He ceas'd, and ſpread the robe; the crowd confeſs
The rev'rend flamen in his lengthen'd dreſs.

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℣. 349. *And Milbourn*] Luke Milbourn, a clergyman, the faireſt of critics; who, when he wrote againſt Mr. Dryden's Virgil, did him juſtice in printing at the ſame time his own tranſlations of him, which were intolerable. His manner of writing has a great reſemblance with that of the gentlemen of the Dunciad againſt our Author, as will be ſeen in the parallel of Mr. Dryden and him.

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℣. 347. *Thence to the banks*, &c.]
"Tum canit errantem Permeſſi ad flumina Gallum,
"Utque viro Phoebi chorus aſſurrexerit omnis;
"Ut Linus haec illi divino carmine paſtor,
"Floribus atque apio crines ornatus amaro,
"Dixerit, Hos tibi dant calamos, en accipe, Muſae,
"Aſcraeo quos ante ſeni"—&c.

Around him wide a fable army ftand,
A low-born, cell-bred, felfifh, fervile band,
Prompt or to guard or ftab, or faint or damn,
Heav'n's Swifs, who fight for any god, or man.
 Through Lud's fam'd gates, along the well-known
Rolls the black troop, and overfhades the ftreet, [Fleet,
Till fhow'rs of fermons, characters, effays,
In circling fleeces whiten all the ways:
So clouds replenifh'd from fome bog below,
Mount in dark volumes, and defcend in fnow.
Here ftopt the Goddefs; and in pomp proclaims
A gentler exercife to clofe the games.
 "Ye Critics! in whofe heads, as equal fcales,
"I weigh what author's heavinefs prevails;
"Which moft conduce to foothe the foul in flumbers,
"My H—ley's periods, or my Blackmore's numbers;
"Attend the trial we propofe to make:
"If there be man who o'er fuch works can wake,
"Sleep's all-fubduing charms who dares defy,
"And boafts Ulyffes' ear with Argus' eye;
"To him we grant our ampleft pow'rs to fit
"Judge of all prefent, paft, and future wit;
"To cavil, cenfure, dictate, right, or wrong,
"Full and eternal privilege of tongue."
 *Three college fophs, and three pert Templars came,
The fame their talents, and their taftes the fame;

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*Ver. 380, 381. *The fame their talents,—Each prompt,* &c.]
" Ambo florentes aetatibus, Arcades ambo,
" Et certare pares, et refpondere parati." *Virg.* Ecl. vii.

Each prompt to query, anſwer, and debate,
And ſmit with love of poeſy and prate.
The pond'rous books two gentle readers bring;
The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.
The clam'rous crowd is huſh'd with mugs of mum,
Till all tun'd equal ſend a gen'ral hum.
Then mount the clerks, and in one lazy tone
Through the long, heavy, painful page drawl on;
Soft creeping words on words the ſenſe compoſe,
At ev'ry line they ſtretch, they yawn, they doze.
As to ſoft gales top-heavy pines bow low
Their heads, and lift them as they ceaſe to blow;
Thus oft they rear, and oft the head decline,
As breathe, or pauſe, by fits, the airs divine.
And now to this ſide, now to that they nod,
As verſe, or proſe, infuſe the drowſy god.
Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak, but thrice ſuppreſt
By potent Arthur, knock'd his chin and breaſt.

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℣. 397. *Thrice Budgel aim'd to ſpeak.*] Famous for his ſpeeches on many occaſions about the South-ſea ſcheme, *&c.* "He is a very ingenious gentleman, and hath written ſome "excellent Epilogues to plays, and one ſmall piece on Love, "which is very pretty." Jacob, Lives of Poets, vol. II. p. 289. But this gentleman ſince made himſelf much more eminent, and perſonally well known to the greateſt ſtateſmen of all parties, as well as to all the courts of law in this nation.

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℣. 382. *And ſmit with love of poeſy and prate.*]
"Smit with the love of ſacred ſong—— *Milton.*

℣. 384. *The heroes ſit, the vulgar form a ring.*]
"Conſedere duces, et vulgi ſtante corona."
Ovid. Met. XIII.

Toland and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer,
Yet ſilent bow'd to *Chriſt's no kingdom here.*
Who ſat the neareſt, by the words o'ercome,
Slept firſt; the diſtant nodded to the hum.
Then down are roll'd the books; ſtretch'd o'er 'em lies
Each gentle clerk, and mutt'ring ſeals his eyes.
As what a Dutchman plumps into the lakes,
One circle firſt, and then a ſecond makes;
What Dulneſs dropt among her ſons impreſt
Like motion from one circle to the reſt:
So from the midmoſt the nutation ſpreads
Round and more round, o'er all the *ſea of heads.*
At laſt Centlivre felt her voice to fail,
Motteux himſelf unfiniſh'd left his tale,

REMARKS.

℣. 399. *Toland and Tindal.*] Two perſons, not ſo happy as to be obſcure, who writ againſt the religion of their country. Toland, the author of the Atheiſt's Liturgy, called *Pantheiſticon*, was a ſpy in pay to Lord Oxford. Tindal was author of The Rights of the Chriſtian Church, and Chriſtianity as old as the Creation. He alſo wrote an abuſive pamphlet againſt Earl S—, which was ſuppreſſed while yet in MS. by an eminent perſon, then out of the miniſtry, to whom he ſhewed it, expecting his approbation. This Doctor afterwards publiſhed the ſame piece, *mutatis mutandis,* againſt that very perſon.

℣. 411. —*Centlivre.*] Mrs Suſanna Centlivre, wife to Mr. Centlivre, Yeoman of the Mouth to his Majeſty. She writ

VARIATIONS.

℣. 399.] In the firſt edition it was,
Collins and Tindal, prompt at prieſts to jeer.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 410. *O'er all the* ſea of heads.]
"A waving ſea of heads was round me ſpread,
"And ſtill freſh ſtreams the gazing deluge fed."
Blackm. Job.

Boyer the ſtate, and Law the ſtage gave o'er,
Morgan and Mandeville could prate no more;
Norton, from Daniel and Oſtroea ſprung,
Bleſs'd with his father's front and mother's tongue,
Hung ſilent down his never-bluſhing head,
And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.

REMARKS.

many plays, and a ſong (ſays Mr Jacob, vol. I. p. 32.) before ſhe was ſeven years old. She alſo writ a ballad againſt Mr Pope's Homer before he began it.

℣. 413. *Boyer the ſtate, and Law the ſtage gave o'er.*] A. Boyer, a voluminous compiler of annals, political collections, &c.——William Law, A. M. wrote with great zeal againſt the ſtage; Mr. Dennis anſwered with as great. Their books were printed in 1726.

℣. 414. *Morgan.*] A writer againſt religion, diſtinguiſhed no otherwiſe from the rabble of his tribe than by the pompouſneſs of his title; for having ſtolen his morality from Tindal, and his philoſophy from Spinoza, he calls himſelf by the courteſy of England, a Moral Philoſopher.

Ibid. —*Mandeville.*] This writer, who prided himſelf as much in the reputation of an immoral philoſopher, was author of a famous book called The Fable of the Bees; written to prove, That moral virtue is the invention of knaves, and Chriſtian virtue the impoſition of fools; and that vice is neceſſary, and alone ſufficient to render ſociety flouriſhing and happy.

℣. 415. *Norton.*] Norton de Foe, offspring of the famous Daniel; *Fortes creantur fortibus:* one of the authors of the Flying Poſt, in which well-bred work Mr. P. had ſometime the honour to be abuſed with his betters, and of many hired ſcurrilities, and daily papers, to which he never ſet his name.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 413.] In the firſt edition it was,
T—s and T— the church and ſtate gave o'er,
Nor ** talk'd, nor S— whiſper'd more.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 418. *And all was huſh'd, as Folly's ſelf lay dead.*] Alludes to Dryden's verſe in the Indian Emperor:
"All things are huſh'd, as Nature's ſelf lay dead."

Thus the ſoft gifts of Sleep conclude the day,
And ſtretch'd on bulks, as uſual, poets lay.
Why ſhould I ſing what bards the nightly Muſe
Did ſlumb'ring viſit, and convey to ſtews;
Who prouder march'd, with magiſtrates in ſtate,
To ſome fam'd round-houſe, ever-open gate!
How Henley lay inſpir'd beſide a ſink,
And to mere mortals ſeem'd a prieſt in drink:
While others, timely, to the neighb'ring Fleet
(Haunt of the Muſes) made their ſafe retreat?

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATH AN SWIFT.

BOOK III.

The Argument.

After the other perfons are difpofed in their proper places of reft, the Goddefs tranfports the King to her Temple, and there lays him to flumber with his head on her lap; a pofition of marvellous virtue, which caufes all the vifions of wild enthufiafts, projectors, politicians, inamoratoes, caftle-builders, chemifts, and poets. He is immediately carried on the wings of Fancy, and led by a mad poetical fibyl, to the Elyfian fhade; where, on the banks of Lethe, the fouls of the dull are dipped by Bavius, before their entrance into this world. There he is met by the ghoft of Settle, and by him made acquainted with the wonders of the place, and with thofe which he himfelf is deftined to perform. He takes him to a Mount of Vifion, from whence he fhews him the paft triumphs of the Empire of Dulnefs, then the prefent, and laftly the future: how fmall a part of the world was ever conquered by Science, how foon thofe conquefts were ftopped, and thofe very nations again reduced to her dominion. Then diftinguifhing the ifland of Great Britain, fhews by what aids, by what perfons, and by what degrees, it fhall be brought to her empire. Some of the perfons he caufes to pafs in review before his eyes, defcribing each by his proper figure, character, and qualifications. On a fudden the fcene fhifts, and a vaft number of miracles and prodigies appear, utterly furprifing and unknown to the King himfelf, till they are explained to be the wonders of his own reign now commencing. On this fubject Settle breaks into a congratulation, yet not unmixed with concern, that his own times were but the types of thefe. He prophefies how firft the nation fhall be over-run with Farces, Operas, and Shows; how the throne of Dulnefs fhall be advanced over the Theatres, and fet up even at Court; then how her fons fhall prefide in the feats of Arts and Sciences; giving a glimpfe, or Pifgah fight, of the future fulnefs of her glory, the accomplifhment whereof is the fubject of the Fourth and laft Book.

But in her Temple's laft recefs inclos'd,
On Dulnefs' lap th' Anointed head repos'd.

Him close ſhe curtains round with vapours blue,
And soft beſprinkles with Cimmerian dew:
Then raptures high the ſeat of ſenſe o'erflow,
Which only heads refin'd from reaſon know.
Hence from the ſtraw where Bedlam's prophet nods,
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods:
Hence the fool's paradiſe, the ſtateſman's ſcheme,
The air-built caſtle, and the golden dream,
The maid's romantic wiſh, the chemiſt's flame,
And poet's viſion of eternal fame.

And now, on Fancy's eaſy wing conveyed,
The king deſcending, views th' Elyſian ſhade.
A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl led his ſteps along,
In lofty madneſs meditating ſong;
Her treſſes ſtaring from poetic dreams,
And never waſh'd but in Caſtalia's ſtreams.
Taylor, their better Charon, lends an oar,
(Once ſwan of Thames, tho' now he ſings no more.)

REMARKS.

℣. 19. *Taylor.*] John Taylor the Water-poet, an honeſt man, who owns he learned not ſo much as the Accidence: a rare example of modeſty in a poet!

" I muſt confeſs I do want eloquence,
" And never ſcarce did learn my Accidence;

IMITATIONS.

℣. 7, 8. *Hence from the ſtraw where Bedlam's prophet nods,*
He hears loud oracles, and talks with gods.]
" Et varias audit voces, fruiturque deorum
" Colloquio."—— *Virg.* Aen. VIII.

℣. 15. *A ſlip-ſhod Sibyl, &c.*]
" Conclamat vates————
" ——Furens antro ſe immiſit aperto." *Virg.*

Benlowes, propitious ſtill to blockheads, bows;
And Shadwell nods, the poppy on his brows.
Here in a duſky vale where Lethe rolls,
Old Bavius ſits to dip poetic ſouls,
And blunt the ſenſe, and fit it for a ſkull
Of ſolid proof, impenetrably dull:
Inſtant, when dipt, away they wing their flight,
Where Brown and Mears unbar the gates of light,

REMARKS.

"For having got from *poſſum* to *poſſet*,
"I there was gravell'd, could no farther get."

He wrote fourſcore books in the reign of James I. and Charles I. and afterwards (like Edward Ward) kept an ale-houſe in Long-Acre. He died in 1654.

Ỳ. 21. *Benlowes.*] A country gentleman, famous for his own bad poetry, and for patronizing bad poets, as may be ſeen from many Dedications of Quarles and others to him. Some of theſe anagram'd his name *Benlowes* into *Benevolus*; to verify which he ſpent his whole eſtate upon them.

Ỳ. 22. *And Shadwell nods, the poppy,* &c.] Shadwell took opium for many years, and died of too large a doſe, in the year 1692.

Ỳ. 24. *Old Bavius ſits.*] Bavius was an ancient poet, celebrated by Virgil for the like cauſe as Bayes by our Author, though not in ſo Chriſtian-like a manner: for heatheniſhly it is declared by Virgil of Bavius, that he ought to be hated and deteſted for his evil works: *Qui Bavium non odit?* whereas we have often had occaſion to obſerve our Poet's great good nature and mercifulneſs through the whole courſe of this Poem. *Scribl.*

IMITATIONS.

Ỳ. 23. *Here in a duſky vale,* &c.]
"——Videt Aeneas in vale reducta
"Secluſum nemus——
"Lethaeumque domos placidas qui praenatat amnem, *&c.*
"Hunc circum innumerae gentes," *&c.* *Virg.* Aen. VI.

Ỳ. 24. *Old Bavius ſits to dip poetic ſouls.*] Alluding to the ſtory of Thetis dipping Achilles to render him impenetrable:
"At pater Anchiſes penitus convalle virenti
"Incluſas animas, ſuperumque ad lumen ituras,
"Luſtrabat,"—— *Virg.* Aen. VI.

Demand new bodies, and in calf's array
Ruſh to the world, impatient for the day.
Millions and millions on theſe banks he views,
Thick as the ſtars of night or morning dews,
As thick as bees o'er vernal bloſſoms fly,
As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.
  Wond'ring he gaz'd: when, lo! a ſage appears,
By his broad ſhoulders known, and length of ears,
Known by the band and ſuit which Settle wore
(His only ſuit) for twice three years before:
All as the veſt appear'd the wearer's frame,
Old in new ſtate, another yet the ſame.
Bland and familiar, as in life, begun
Thus the great Father to the greater Son:
  Oh! born to ſee what none can ſee awake!
Behold the wonders of th' oblivious lake!

REMARKS.

℣. 28. —*Brown and Mears.*] Bookſellers, printers for any body.——The allegory of of the ſouls of the dull coming forth in the form of books dreſſed in calf's leather, and being let abroad in vaſt numbers by bookſellers, is ſufficiently intelligible.

℣. 34. —*Ward in pillory.*] John Ward of Hackney, Eſq. member of parliament, being convicted of forgery, was firſt expelled the Houſe, and then ſentenced to the pillory, on the 17th of February 1727.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 28. ——*unbar the gates of light.*] An hemiſtic of Milton.

℣. 31.32. *Millions and millions—Thick as the ſtars*, &c.]
"Quam multa in ſilvis autumni frigore primo
"Lapſa cadunt folia, aut ad terram gurgite ab alto
"Quam multae glomerantur aves," *&c.*
Virg. Aen. VI.

Thou, yet unborn, haſt touch'd this ſacred ſhore;
The hand of Bavius drench'd thee o'er and o'er.
But blind to former as to future fate,
What mortal knows his pre-exiſtent ſtate?
Who knows how long thy tranſmigrating ſoul
Might from Bœotian to Bœotian roll?
How many Dutchmen ſhe vouchſaf'd to thrid?
How many ſtages through old monks ſhe rid?
And all who ſince, in wild benighted days,
Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.
As man's meanders to the vital ſpring
Roll all their tides, then back their circles bring;
Or whirligigs, twirl'd round by ſkilful ſwain,
Suck the thread in, then yield it out again:
All nonſenſe thus, of old or modern date,
Shall in thee centre, from thee circulate.
For thus our Queen unfolds to viſion true
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view:

IMITATIONS.

℣. 54. *Mix'd the owl's ivy with the poet's bays.*]
" ——Sine tempora circum
" Inter victrices hederam tibi ſerpere lauros."
Virg. Ecl. viii.

℣. 61, 62. *For this our Queen unfolds to viſion true*
Thy mental eye, for thou haſt much to view.]
This has a reſemblance to that paſſage in Milton, Book XI. where the angel
" To noble ſights from Adam's eye remov'd
" The film; then purg'd with euphraſie and rue
" The viſual nerve—*For he had much to ſee.*"
There is a general alluſion in what follows to that whole epiſode.

Old ſcenes of glory, times long caſt behind,
Shall, firſt recall'd, ruſh forward to thy mind:
Then ſtretch thy ſight o'er all her riſing reign,
And let the paſt and future fire thy brain.

Aſcend this hill, whoſe cloudy point commands
Her boundleſs empire over ſeas and lands.
See, round the poles where keener ſpangles ſhine,
Where ſpices ſmoke beneath the burning line,
(Earth's wide extremes) her ſable flag diſplay'd,
And all the nations cover'd in her ſhade!

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science their bright courſe begun:
One godlike monarch all that pride confounds,
He, whoſe long wall the wand'ring Tartar bounds;
Heav'n's! what a pile! whole ages periſh there,
And one bright blaze turns learning into air.

Thence to the South extend thy gladden'd eyes;
There rival flames with equal glory riſe;
From ſhelves to ſhelves ſee greedy Vulcan roll,
And lick up all their phyſic of the ſoul.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 72. In the former edit:

Far eaſtward caſt thine eye, from whence the Sun
And orient Science *at a birth* begun.

But as this was thought to contradict that line of the introduction,

In eldeſt times, e'er mortals writ or read,

which ſuppoſes the ſun and ſcience did not ſet out together, it was altered to *their bright courſe begun.* But this ſlip, as uſual, eſcaped the gentlemen of the Dunciad.

How little, mark! that portion of the ball,
Where, faint at beſt, the beams of Science fall:
Soon as they dawn, from hyperborean ſkies
Embody'd dark, what clouds of Vandals riſe!
Lo! where Mæotis ſleeps, and hardly flows
The freezing Tanais through a waſte of ſnows,
The North by myriads pours her mighty ſons,
Great nurſe of Goths, of Alans, and of Huns!
See Alarics ſtern port! the martial frame
Of Genſeric! and Attila's dread name!
See the bold Oſtrogoths on Latium fall;
See the fierce Viſigoths on Spain and Gaul!
See where the morning gilds the palmy ſhore
(The ſoil that arts and infant letters bore)
His conqu'ring tribes th' Arabian prophet draws,
And ſaving Ignorance enthrones by laws.
See Chriſtians, Jews, one heavy ſabbath keep,
And all the Weſtern world believe and ſleep.

Lo! Rome herſelf, proud miſtreſs now no more
Of arts, but thund'ring againſt Heathen lore;
Her gray-hair'd ſynods damning books unread,
And Bacon trembling for his brazen head.
Padua, with ſighs, beholds her Livy burn,
And ev'n th' Antipodes Vigilius mourn.
See the Cirque falls, th' unpillard temple nods,
Streets pav'd with heroes, Tyber chok'd with gods;
Till Peter's keys ſome chriſt'ned Jove adorn,
And Pan to Moſes lends his Pagan horn;

See graceleſs Venus to a virgin turn'd,
Or Phidias broken, and Apelles burn'd.
  Behold yon' iſle, by palmers, pilgrims trod,
Men bearded, bald, cowl'd, uncowl'd, ſhod, unſhod,
Peel'd, patch'd, and pyebald, linſey-woolſey brothers,
Grave mummers! ſleeveleſs ſome, and ſhirtleſs others.
That once was Britain——Happy! had ſhe ſeen
No fiercer ſons, had Eaſter never been.
In peace great Goddeſs, ever be ador'd;
How keen the war, if Dulneſs draw the ſword!
Thus viſit not thy own! on this bleſs'd age
Oh ſpread thy influence, but reſtrain thy rage.
  And ſee, my Son! the hour is on its way
That lifts our Goddeſs to imperial ſway;
This fav'rite iſle, long ſever'd from her reign,
Dove-like, ſhe gathers to her wings again.
Now look thro' Fate! behold the ſcene ſhe draws!
What aids, what armies, to aſſert her cauſe!
See all her progeny, illuſtrious ſight!
Behold, and count them, as they riſe to light,

IMITATIONS.

℣. 117, 118 *Happy!—had Eaſter never been.*]
"Et fortunatam, ſi nunquam armenta fuiſſent."
Virg. Ecl. vi.

℣. 127, 129. *Now look through Fate!*
See all her progeny, &c.]
"Nunc age, Dardaniam prolem quae deinde ſequatur
"Gloria, qui maneant Itala de gente nepotes,
"Illuſtres animas, noſtrumque in nomen ituras,
"Expediam." *Virg.* Aen. VI.

As Berecynthia, while her offspring vie
In homage to the mother of the b
Surveys around her, in the blefs'd abode,
An hundred fons, and ev'ry fon a god:
Not with lefs glory mighty Dulnefs crown'd,
Shall take thro' Grubftreet her triumphant round;
And her Parnaffus glancing o'er at once,
Behold an hundred fons, and each a Dunce.
  Mark firft that youth who takes the foremoft place,
And thrufts his perfon full into your face.
With all thy father's virtues blefs'd, be born!
And a new Cibber fhall the ftage adorn.
  A fecond fee, by meeker manners known,
And modeft as the maid that fips alone;
From the ftrong fate of drams if thou get free,
Another Durfey, Ward! fhall fing in thee.

IMITATIONS.

ÿ. 131. *As Berecynthia,* &c.]
"Felix prole virum, qualis Berecynthia mater
"Invehitur curru Phrygias turrita per urbes,
"Laeta deum partu, centum complexa nepotes,
"Omnes coelicolas, omnes fupera alta tenentes."
Virg. Aen. VI.

ÿ. 139. *Mark firft that youth,* &c.]
"Ille vides, pura juvenis qui nititur hafta,
"Proxima forte tenet lucis loca."—— *Virg.* Aen. VI.

ÿ. 141. *With all thy father's virtues blefs'd, be born!*] A manner of expreffion ufed by Virgil, Ecl. viii.
"Nafcere! praeque diem veniens age, Lucifer."—
As alfo that of *patriis virtutibus,* Ecl. iv.

It was very natural to fhew to the Hero, before all others, his own fon, who had already begun to emulate him in his theatrical, poetical, and even political capacities. By the attitude in which he here prefents himfelf, the reader may be cautioned againft afcribing wholly to the father the

Thee ſhall each alehouſe, thee each gillhouſe mourn,
And anſw'ring ginſhops ſourer ſighs return.
Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe;
Nor leſs revere him, blunderbuſs of Law.
Lo P—p—le's brow, tremendous to the Town,
Horneck's fierce eye, and Roome's funereal frown.

REMARKS.

℣. 149. *Jacob, the ſcourge of Grammar, mark with awe.*] "This gentleman is ſon of a conſiderable maltſter of "Romſey in Southamptonſhire, and bred to the law under "a very eminent attorney: who, between his more labo"rious ſtudies, has diverted himſelf with poetry. He is "a great admirer of poets and their works, which has oc"caſioned him to try his genius that way.—He has writ in "proſe the Lives of the Poets, Eſſays, and a great many "Law books, The Accompliſhed Conveyancer, Modern Ju"ſtice, *&c.*" Giles Jacob of himſelf, Lives of Poets, vol. i. He very groſly, and unprovoked, abuſed in that book the Author's friend, Mr. Gay.

℣. 152. *Horneck—Roome.*] Theſe two were virulent party-writers, worthily coupled together, and, one would

VARIATIONS.

℣. 149. In the firſt edition it was,

Woolſton, the ſcourge of Scripture, mark with awe,
And mighty Jacob, blunderbuſs of law!

℣. 151. *Lo P—p—le's brow*, &c.] In the former edition,

Haywood, Centlivre, glories of their race,
Lo Horneck's fierce, and Roome's funereal face.

IMITATIONS.

merit of the epithet *Cibberian*, which is equally to be underſtood with an eye to the ſon.

℣. 145. *From the ſtrong fate of drams if thou get free.*]

"——— ſi qua fata aſpera rumpas,
"Tu Marcellus eris!" *Virg.* Aen. VI.

℣. 147. *Thee ſhall each alehouſe*, &c.]

"Te nemus Anguitiae, vitrea te Fucinus unda,
"Te liquidi flevere lacus." *Virg.* Aen. VII.

Virgil again, Ecl. x.

"——— etiam lauri, etiam flevere myricae." *&c.*

℣. 150. *Virg.* Aen. VI.—— "duo fulmina belli
"Scipiadas, cladem Libyae!"

Lo ſneering Goode, half malice and half whim,
A fiend in glee, ridiculouſly grim.
Each cygnet ſweet, of Bath and Tunbridge race,
Whoſe tuneful whiſtling makes the waters paſs:
Each ſongſter, riddler, ev'ry nameleſs name,
All crowd, who foremoſt ſhall be damn'd to fame.
Some ſtrain in rhyme; the Muſes, on their racks,
Scream like the winding of ten thouſand jacks;
Some free from rhyme or reaſon, rule or check,
Break Priſcian's head, and Pegaſus's neck;

REMARKS.

think, prophetically; ſince, after the publiſhing of this piece the former dying, the latter ſucceeded him in honour and employment. The firſt was Philip Horneck, author of a Billingſgate paper called The High German Doctor. Edward Roome was ſon of an undertaker for funerals in Fleetſtreet, and writ ſome of the papers called Paſquin, where, by malicious inuendos, he endeavoured to repreſent our Author guilty of malevolent practices with a great man then under proſecution of parliament. Of this man was made the following epigram:

"You aſk why Roome diverts you with his jokes,
"Yet if he writes as dull as other folks,
"You wonder at it—This, Sir, is the caſe,
"The jeſt is loſt unleſs he prints his face."

P—p—le was the author of ſome vile plays and pamphlets. He publiſhed abuſes on our Author in a paper called The Prompter.

℣. 153.—*Goode.*] An ill-natured critic, who writ a ſatire on our Author, called The Mock Aeſop, and many anonymous libels in newſpapers, for hire.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 157. *Each ſongſter, riddler,* &c.] In the former edit.
Lo Bond and Foxton, ev'ry nameleſs name.
After ver. 158. in the firſt edition followed,
How proud, how pale, how earneſt all appear!
How rhymes eternal gingle in their ear!

Down, down the larum, with impetuous whirl,
The Pindars, and the Miltons of a Curl.
Silence, ye Wolves! while Ralph to Cynthia howls,
And makes night hideous—Anſwer him, ye Owls!
Senſe, ſpeech, and meaſure, living tongues and dead,
Let all give way—and Morris may be read.
Flow, Welſted, flow! like thine inſpirer, beer,
Tho' ſtale, not ripe; tho' thin, yet never clear;
So ſweetly mawkiſh, and ſo ſmoothly dull;
Heady, not ſtrong; o'erflowing, though not full.
Ah, Dennis! Gildon, ah! what ill-ſtarr'd rage
Divides a friendſhip long confirm'd by age?

REMARKS.

Ỽ. 165. —*Ralph.*] James Ralph, a name inſerted after the firſt editions, not known to our Author till he writ a ſwearing-piece called Sawney, very abuſive of Dr. Swift, Mr. Gay, and himſelf. Theſe lines allude to a thing of his entitled Night, a poem. This low writer attended his own works with panegyrics in the Journals, and once in particular praiſed himſelf highly above Mr. Addiſon, in wretched remarks upon that author's account of Engliſh Poets, printed in a London Journal, Sept. 1728. He was wholly illiterate, and knew no language, not even French. Being adviſed to read the Rules of dramatic poetry before he began a play, he ſmiled, and replied, "Shakeſpeare writ without rules." He ended at laſt in the common ſink of all ſuch writers, a political newſpaper, to which he was recommended by his friend Arnall, and received a ſmall pittance for pay.

IMITATIONS.

Ỽ. 166. *And makes night hideous.*—]
"Viſit thus the glimpſes of the moon,
"Making night hideous." *Shakeſp.*

Ỽ. 169. *Flow, Welſted, flow!* &c.] Parody on Denham, Cooper's Hill:
"O could I flow like thee, and make thy ſtream
"My great example, as it is my theme:
"Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
"Strong without rage; without o'erflowing full!"

Blockheads with reafon wicked wits abhor,
But fool with fool is barb'rous civil war.
Embrace, embrace, my Sons! be foes no more!
Nor glad vile poets with true critics' gore.
  Behold yon' pair, in ftrict embraces join'd;
How like in manners, and how like in mind!
Equal in wit, and equally polite,
Shall this a Pafquin, that a Grumbler write;
Like are their merits, like rewards they fhare,
That fhines a Conful, this Commiffioner.
  " But who is he, in clofet clofe y-pent,
" Of fober face, with learned duft befprent?"
Right well mine eyes arede the myfter wight,
On parchment fcrapes y-fed, and Wormius hight.
To future ages may thy dulnefs laft,
As thou preferv'ft the dulnefs of the paft!

IMITATIONS.

℣. 177. *Embrace, embrace, my Sons! be foes no more!*] *Virg.* Aen. VI.

" ——— Ne tanta animis affuefcite bella,
" Neu patriae validas in vifcera vertite vires:
" Tuque prior, tu parce—fanguis meus!"—

℣. 179. *Behold yon' pair, in ftrict embraces join'd.*] *Virg.* Aen. VI.

" Illae autem, paribus quas fulgere cernis in armis,
" Concordes animae"———

And in Aen. V.

" Euryalus, forma infignis viridique juventa,
" Nifus amore pio pueri."

℣. 185. *But who is he, &c.*] *Virg.* Aen. VI. queftions and anfwers in this manner, of Numa:

" Quis procul ille autem ramis infignis olivae,
" Sacra ferens?—nofco crines, incanaque menta," *&c.*

There, dim in clouds, the poring fcholiafts mark
Wits, who, like owls, fee only in the dark,
A lumberhoufe of books in ev'ry head,
For ever reading, never to be read!
But, where each fcience lifts its modern type,
Hift'ry her pot, Divinity her pipe,
While proud Philofophy repines to fhow,
Difhoneft fight! his breeches rent below,
Imbrown'd with native bronze, lo! Henley ftands,
Tuning his voice, and balancing his hands.
How fluent nonfenfe trickles from his tongue!
How fweet the periods, neither faid nor fung!
Still break the benches, Henley! with thy ftrain,
While Sherlock, Hare, and Gibfon preach in vain.
Oh great reftorer of the good old ftage,
Preacher at once, and Zany of thy age!

REMARKS.

Ý. 199. — *lo! Henley ftands*, &c.] J. Henley, the orator; he preached on the Sundays upon Theological matters, and on the Wednefdays upon all other Sciences. Each auditor paid one fhilling. He declaimed fome years againft the greateft perfons, and occafionally did our Author that honour.

Ý. 204. —*Sherlock, Hare,—Gibfon*] Bifhops of Salifbury, Chichefter, and London; whofe Sermons and Paftoral Letters did honour to their country as well as ftations.

VARIATIONS.

Ý. 197.] In the firft edition it was,
And proud Philofophy with breeches tore,
And Englifh mufic with a difmal fcore.
Faft by in darknefs palpable infhrin'd
W—s, B—r, M—n, all the poring kind.

Oh worthy thou of Egypt's wiſe abodes,
A decent prieſt, where monkeys were the gods!
But Fate with butchers plac'd thy prieſtly ſtall,
Meek modern faith to murder, hack, and maw;
And bade thee live, to crown Britannia's praiſe,
In Toland's, Tindal's, and in Woolſton's days.
  Yet, oh, my Sons! a father's words attend:
(So may the Fates preſerve the ears you lend)
'Tis yours a Bacon or a Locke to blame,
A Newton's genius, or a Milton's flame:
But, oh! with one, immortal one, diſpenſe,
The ſource of Newton's light, of Bacon's ſenſe.
Content, each emanation of his fires
That beams on earth, each virtue he inſpires,
Each art he prompts, each charm he can create,
Whate'er he gives are giv'n for you to hate.
Perſiſt, by all divine in man unaw'd,
But, "Learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your God."
  Thus he, for then a ray of reaſon ſtole
Half through the ſolid darkneſs of his ſoul;
But ſoon the cloud return'd—and thus the ſire:
See now what Dulneſs and her Sons admire!

REMARKS.

Ver. 212.] Of Toland and Tindal, ſee Book II. ver. 399. Thomas Woolſton was an impious madman, who wrote, in a moſt inſolent ſtyle, againſt the miracles of the Goſpel, in the years 1626, *&c.*

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 224.—"*Learn, ye Dunces! not to ſcorn your God.*"] "Diſcite juſtitiam moniti, et non temnere divos."
Virg.

See what the charms that ſmite the ſimple heart,
Not touch'd by Nature, and not reach'd by Art.
His never-bluſhing head he turn'd aſide,
(Not half ſo pleas'd when Goodman propheſy'd),
And look'd, and ſaw a ſable ſorc'rer riſe,
Swift to whoſe hand a winged volume flies:
All ſudden, gorgons hiſs, and dragons glare,
And ten-horn'd fiends and giants ruſh to war.
Hell riſes, heav'n deſcends, and dance on earth;
Gods, imps, and monſters, muſic, rage, and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle, and a ball,
Till one wide conflagration ſwallows all.
Thence a new world to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heav'n its own:
Another Cynthia her new journey runs,
And other planets circle other ſuns.
The foreſts dance, the rivers upward riſe,
Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies;
And laſt, to give the whole creation grace,
Lo! one vaſt egg produces human race.
Joy fills his ſoul, joy innocent of thought;
What pow'r, he cries, what pow'r theſe wonders wrought?

IMITATIONS.

℣. 244. *And other planets.*]
"—— Solemque *ſuum, ſua* ſidera norunt."——
Virg. Aen. VI.

℣. 246. *Whales ſport in woods, and dolphins in the ſkies.*]
"Delphinum ſylvis appingit, fluctibus aprum." *Hor.*

Son, what thou feek'ft is in thee! look, and find
Each monfter meets his likenefs in thy mind.
Yet would'ft thou more? in yonder cloud behold,
Whofe farfenet fkirts are edg'd with flamy gold,
A matchlefs youth! his nod thefe worlds controls,
Wings the red lightning, and the thunder rolls;
Angel of Dulnefs, fent to fcatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclaffic ground:
Yon' ftars, yon' funs, he rears at pleafure higher,
Illumes their light, and fets their flames on fire.
Immortal Rich! how calm he fits at eafe,
'Midft fnows of paper, and fierce hail of peafe!
And proud his miftrefs' orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the ftorm.
But, lo! to dark encounter in mid air
New wizards rife; I fee my Cibber there!

REMARKS.

Ṿ. 261. *Immortal Rich!*] Mr. John Rich, mafter of the theatre-royal in Covent-Garden, was the firft that excelled this way.

IMITATIONS.

Ṿ. 251. *Son, what thou feek'ft is in thee!*]
"Quod petis in te eft——
"—— Ne te quaefiveris extra." *Perf.*

Ṿ. 256. *Wings the red lightning,* &c.] Like Salmoneus in Aen. VI.
"Dum flammas Jovis, et fonitus imitatur Olympi.
"—— Nimbos, et non imitabile fulmen,
"Aere et cornipedum curfu fimularet equorum."

Ṿ. 258. — *o'er all unclaffic ground.*] Alludes to Mr. Addifon's verfe in the praifes of Italy:
"Poetic fields encompafs me around,
"And ftill I feem to tread on claffic ground."
As ver. 264. is a parody on a noble one of the fame author in the Campaign: and ver. 259, 260. on two fublime verfes of Dr. Y.

Booth in his cloudy tabernacle ſhrin'd,
On grinning dragons thou ſhalt mount the wind.
Dire is the conflict, diſmal is the din,
Here ſhouts all Drury, there all Lincoln's-inn;
Contending theatres our empire raiſe,
Alike their labours, and alike their praiſe.

And are theſe wonders, Son, to thee unknown?
Unknown to thee! theſe wonders are thy own.
Theſe Fate reſerv'd to grace thy reign divine,
Foreſeen by me, but, ah! with-held from mine.
In Lud's old walls though long I rul'd renown'd
Far as loud Bow's ſtupendous bells reſound;
Though my own aldermen conferr'd the bays,
To me committing their eternal praiſe,
Their full-fed heroes, their pacific may'rs,
Their annual trophies, and their monthly wars:
Though long my party built on me their hopes,
For writing pamphlets, and for roaſting Popes;
Yet lo! in me what authors have to brag on!
Reduc'd at laſt to hiſs in my own dragon.

REMARKS.

℣. 266, 267.] Booth and Cibber were joint managers of the theatre in Drury-lane.

VARIATIONS.

After ℣. 274. in the former edit. followed,

For works like theſe let deathleſs Journals tell,
None but thyſelf can be thy parallel.

After ver. 281. in the former edit. followed,

Diff'rent our parties, but with equal grace
The Goddeſs ſmiles on Whig and Tory race.

Avert it Heav'n! that thou, my Cibber, e'er
Shouldſt wag a ſerpent-tail in Smithfield fair!
Like the vile ſtraw that's blown about the ſtreets,
The needy poet ſticks to all he meets,
Coach'd, carted, trod upon, now looſe, now faſt,
And carry'd off in ſome dog's tail at laſt.
Happier thy fortunes! like a rolling ſtone,
Thy giddy dulneſs ſtill ſhall lumber on,
Safe in its heavineſs, ſhall never ſtray,
But lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thee ſhall the Patriot, thee the Courtier taſte,
And ev'ry year be duller than the laſt;
Till rais'd from booths, to theatre, to court,
Her ſeat imperial Dulneſs ſhall tranſport.
Already Opera prepares the way,
The ſure forerunner of her gentle ſway:
Let her thy heart, next drabs and dice, engage,
The third mad paſſion of thy doting age.
Teach thou the warbling Polypheme to roar,
And ſcream thyſelf as none e'er ſcream'd before!
To aid our cauſe, if Heav'n thou canſt not bend,
Hell thou ſhalt move; for Fauſtus is our friend:

VARIATIONS.

℣. 295. *Safe in its heavineſs, &c.*] In the former edit,
Too ſafe in inborn heavineſs to ſtray,
And lick up ev'ry blockhead in the way.
Thy dragons, magiſtrates, and peers ſhall taſte,
And from each ſhew riſe duller than the laſt;
Till rais'd from booths, *&c.*

Pluto with Cato thou for this shalt join,
And link the Mourning Bride to Proserpine.
Grubstreet! thy fall should men and gods conspire,
Thy stage shall stand, insure it but from fire.
Another Æschylus appears! prepare
For new abortions, all ye pregnant fair!
In flames, like Semele's, be brought to bed,
While op'ning hell spouts wild-fire at your head.
Now, Bavius, take the poppy from thy brow,
And place it here! here all ye Heroes bow!
This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes,
Th' Augustus born to bring Saturnian times.
Signs following signs lead on the mighty year!
See! the dull stars roll round and re-appear.
See, see, our own true Phœbus wears the bays!
Our Midas sits Lord Chancellor of plays!

VARIATIONS.

℣. 323. *See, see, our own, &c.*] In the former edit.
Beneath his reign shall Eusden wear the bays,
Cibber preside Lord Chancellor of plays,
Benson sole judge of architecture sit,
And Namby Pamby be preferr'd for wit!
I see th' unfinish'd Dormitory wall,
I see the Savoy totter to her fall;
Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's, translating three whole years with Broome,
Proceed, great days, *&c.*

IMITATIONS.

℣. 319 320. *This, this is he foretold by ancient rhymes, Th' Augustus, &c.*]
" Hic vir, hic est! tibi quem promitti saepius audis,
" Augustus Caesar, divum genus aurea condet
" Secula qui rursus Latio, regnata per arva
" Saturnio quondam"—— *Virg.* Aen. VI.

Saturnian here relates to the age of Lead, mentioned, B. I. ver. 26.

On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!
Lo! Ambrose Philips is preferr'd for wit!
See under Ripley rise a new Whitehall,
While Jones' and Boyle's united labours fall:
While Wren with sorrow to the grave descends,
Gay dies unpension'd with a hundred friends;

REMARKS.

℣. 325. *On poets' tombs see Benson's titles writ!*] W—m Benson (Surveyer of the buildings to his Majesty K. George I.) gave in a report to the Lords, that their house and the Painted-chamber adjoining were in immediate danger of falling; whereupon the Lords met in a committee to appoint some other place to sit in while the house should be taken down. But it being proposed to cause some other builders first to inspect it, they found it in very good condition. The Lords, upon this, were going upon an addrefs to the King against Benson for such a misrepresentation; but the Earl of Sunderland, then Secretary, gave them an assurance that his Majesty would remove him, which was done accordingly. In favour of this man, the famous Sir Christopher Wren, who had been architect to the Crown for above fifty years, who built most of the churches in London, laid the first stone of St. Paul's, and lived to finish it, had been displaced from his employment at the age of near ninety years.

℣. 326. —*Ambrose Philips.*] "He was (saith Mr. Jacob) "one of the wits at Button's, and a Justice of the Peace." But he hath since met with higher preferment in Ireland: and a much greater character we have of him in Mr. Gildon's Complete Art of Poetry, vol. I. p. 157. "Indeed he confesses, he dares not set him quite on the same foot with "Virgil, lest it should seem flattery, but he is much mistaken if posterity does not afford him a greater esteem than "he at present enjoys." He endeavoured to create some misunderstanding between our Author and Mr. Addison, whom also soon after he abused as much. His constant cry was, that Mr. P. was an enemy to the government; and in particular he was the avowed author of a report very industriously spread, that he had a hand in a party-paper called The Examiner; a falsehood well known to those, yet living, who had the direction and publication of it.

℣. 330. *Gay dies unpension'd, &c.*] See Mr. Gay's fable of the Hare and many Friends. This gentleman was early in

Hibernian politics, O Swift! thy fate;
And Pope's, ten years to comment and translate.

REMARKS.

the friendship of our Author, which continued to his death. He wrote several works of humour with great success; The Shepherd's Week, Trivia, The What-d'ye-call it, Fables; and, lastly, the celebrated Beggar's Opera; a piece of satire which hit all tastes and degrees of men, from those of the highest quality to the very rabble. That verse of Horace,

"Primores populi arripuit, populumque tributim,"

could never be so justly applied as to this. The vast success of it was unprecedented, and almost incredible: what is related of the wonderful effects of the ancient music or tragedy hardly came up to it: Sophocles and Euripides were less followed and famous. It was acted in London sixty-three days uninterrupted; and renewed the next season with equal applauses. It spread into all the great towns of England, was played in many places to the thirtieth and fortieth time, and at Bath and Bristol fifty, &c. It made its progress into Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, where it was performed twenty-four days together: it was last acted in Minorca. The fame of it was not confined to the author only; the ladies carried about with them the favourite songs of it in fans; and houses were furnished with it in screens. The person who acted Polly, till then obscure, became all at once the favourite of the Town; her pictures were ingraved, and sold in great numbers; her life written, books of letters and verses to her published, and pamphlets made even of her sayings and jests.

Furthermore, it drove out of England, for that season, the Italian opera, which had carried all before it for ten years. That idol of the nobility and people, which the great critic Mr. Dennis, by the labours and outcries of a whole life, could not overthrow, was demolished by a single stroke of this gentleman's pen. This happened in the year 1728. Yet so great was his modesty, that he constantly prefixed to all the editions of it this motto, *Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.*

VARIATIONS.

Ÿ. 331. In the former edit. thus:

O Swift! thy doom,
And Pope's translating ten whole years with Broome.

On which was the following note: "He concludes his irony "with a stroke upon himself: for whoever imagines this a "sarcasm on the other ingenious person is surely mista- "ken. The opinion our Author had of him was sufficient- "ly shewn by his joining him in the undertaking of the

Proceed, great days! 'till Learning fly the ſhore,
Till Birch ſhall bluſh with noble blood no more;
Till Thames ſee Eton's ſons for ever play,
Till Weſtminſter's whole year be holiday;
Till Iſis' elders reel, their pupils' ſport,
And Alma Mater lie diſſolv'd in Port!
Enough! enough! the raptur'd Monarch cries;
And thro' the iv'ry gate the viſion flies.

REMARKS.

V. 333. *Proceed, great days!* &c.—*Till Birch ſhall bluſh,* &c.] Another great prophet of Dulneſs, on this ſide Styx, promiſeth thoſe days to be near at hand. "The devil (ſaith "he) licenſed biſhops to licenſe maſters of ſchools to inſtruct "youth in the knowledge of the Heathen gods, their reli-"gion, *&c.* The ſchools and univerſities will ſoon be tired "and aſhamed of claſſics, and ſuch trumpery." Hutchiſon's Uſe of Reaſon recovered. *Scribl.*

VARIATIONS.

"Odyſſey; in which Mr. Broome having engaged without "any previous agreement, diſcharged his part ſo much to "Mr. Pope's ſatisfaction, that he gratified him with the "full ſum of five hundred pounds, and a preſent of all "thoſe books for which his own intereſt could procure him "ſubſcribers, to the value of one hundred more. The Au-"thor only ſeems to lament that he was employed in tranſ-"lation at all."

After ver. 338. in the firſt edit. were the following lines:
Then when theſe ſigns declare the mighty year,
When the dull ſtars roll round and re-appear;
Let there be darkneſs! (the dread Pow'r ſhall ſay)
All ſhall be darkneſs, as it ne'er were day;
To their firſt chaos Wit's vain works ſhall fall,
And univerſal darkneſs cover all.

IMITATIONS.

V. 340. *And thro' the iv'ry gate,* &c.]
"Sunt geminae ſomni portae; quarum altera fertur
"Cornea, qua veris facilis datur exitus umbris;
"Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto,
"Sed falſa ad coelum mittunt inſomnia manes."
Virg. Aen. VI.

THE DUNCIAD.

TO DR. JONATHAN SWIFT.

BOOK IV.

The Argument.

The Poet being, in this Book, to declare the completion of the Prophefies mentioned at the end of the former, makes a new Invocation; as the greater poets are wont, when fome high and worthy matter is to be fung. He fhews the Goddefs coming in her Majefty, to deftroy Order and Science, and to fubftitute the kingdom of the Dull upon earth. How fhe leads captive the Sciences, and filenceth the Mufes; and what they be who fucceed in their ftead. All her children, by a wonderful attraction, are drawn about her; and bear along with them divers others, who promote her empire by connivance, weak refiftance, or difcouragement of arts; fuch as half-wits, taftelefs admirers, vain pretenders, the flatterers of dunces, or the patrons of them. All thefe crowd around her; one of them offering to approach her, is driven back by a rival, but fhe commends and encourages both. The firft who fpeak in form are the Geniufes of the Schools, who affure her of their care to advance her caufe by confining youth to Words, and keeping them out of the way of real Knowledge. Their addrefs, and her gracious anfwer; with her charge to them and the Univerfities. The Univerfities appear by their proper deputies, and affure her that the fame method is obferved in the progrefs of Education. The fpeech of Ariftarchus on this fubject. They are driven off by a band of young gentlemen returned from Travel with their Tutors; one of whom delivers to the Goddefs, in a polite oration, an account of the whole conduct and fruits of their Travels: prefenting to her at the fame time a young nobleman perfectly accomplifhed. She receives him gracioufly, and indues him with the happy quality of want of Shame. She fees loitering about her a number of Indolent Perfons abandoning all bufinefs and duty, and dying with lazinefs; to thefe approaches the antiquary Annius, intreating her to make them Virtuofos, and affign them over to him; but Mummius, another antiquary, complaining of his fraudulent proceeding, fhe finds a method to reconcile their difference. Then

enter a troop of people fantaſtically adorned, offering her ſtrange and exotic preſents: amongſt them, one ſtands forth and demands juſtice on another, who had deprived him of one of the greateſt curioſities in Nature; but he juſtifies himſelf ſo well, that the Goddeſs gives them both her approbation. She recommends to them to find proper employment for the Indolents before mentioned, in the ſtudy of Butterflies, Shells, Birds-neſts, Moſs, &c. but with particular caution not to proceed beyond Trifles, to any uſeful or extenſive views of Nature, or of the Author of Nature. Againſt the laſt of theſe apprehenſions ſhe is ſecured by a hearty addreſs from the Minute Philoſophers and Free-thinkers, one of whom ſpeaks in the name of the reſt. The youth thus inſtructed and principled, are delivered to her in a body, by the hands of Silenus; and then admitted to taſte the cup of the Magus her high prieſt, which cauſes a total oblivion of all obligations, divine, civil, moral, or rational. To theſe her adepts ſhe ſends Prieſts, Attendants, and Comforters, of various kinds; confers on them Orders and Degrees; and then diſmiſſing them with a ſpeech, confirming to each his Privileges, and telling what ſhe expects from each, concludes with a Yawn of extraordinary virtue; the progreſs and effects whereof on all orders of men, and the conſummation of all, in the reſtoration of Night and Chaos, conclude the Poem.

YET, yet a moment, one dim ray of light
Indulge, dread Chaos, and eternal Night!
Of darkneſs viſible ſo much be lent,
As half to ſhew, half veil the deep intent.
Ye Pow'rs! whoſe myſteries reſtor'd I ſing,
To whom Time bears me on his rapid wing,
Suſpend a while your force inertly ſtrong,
Then take at once the Poet and the Song.
Now flam'd the Dog-ſtar's unpropitious ray,
Smote ev'ry brain, and wither'd ev'ry bay;

REMARKS.

Ver. 2.—*dread Chaos, and eternal Night!*] Invoked, as the reſtoration of their empire is the action of the Poem;

Sick was the ſun, the owl forſook his bow'r,
The moon-ſtruck prophet felt the madding hour:
Then roſe the ſeed of Chaos, and of Night,
To blot out order, and extinguiſh light,
Of dull and venal a new world to mold,
And bring Saturnian days of lead and gold.
She mounts the throne: her head a cloud conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd,
('Tis thus aſpiring Dulneſs ever ſhines)
Soft on her lap her Laureate Son reclines.
Beneath her footſtool Science groans in chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties and pains.
There foam'd rebellious Logic, gagg'd and bound;
There, ſtript, fair Rhet'ric languiſh'd on the ground;
His blunted arms by Sophiſtry are borne,
And ſhameleſs Billingſgate her robes adorn.
Morality, by her falſe guardians drawn,
Chicane in furs, and Caſuiſtry in lawn,

REMARKS.

℣. 14 *To blot out order, and extinguiſh light.*] The two great ends of her miſſion; the one in quality of daughter of Chaos, the other as daughter of Night. Order here is to be underſtood extenſively, both as civil and moral; the diſtinctions between high and low in ſociety, and true and falſe in individuals: light as intellectual only, wit, ſcience, arts.

℣. 15. *Of dull and venal.*] The allegory continued; *dull* referring to the extinction of light or ſcience; *venal* to the deſtruction of order and the truth of things.

Ibid. —*a new world.*] In alluſion to the Epicurean opinion, that from the diſſolution of the natural world into night and chaos a new one ſhould ariſe; this the Poet alluding to, in the production of a new moral world, makes it partake of its original principles.

Gaſps, as they ſtraiten at each end the cord,
And dies, when Dulneſs gives her page the word.
Mad Mátheſis alone was unconfin'd,
Too mad for mere material chains to bind:
Now to pure ſpace lifts her ecſtatic ſtare,
Now running round the circle, finds it ſquare.
But held in tenfold bonds the Muſes lie,
Watch'd both by Envy's and by Flatt'ry's eye:
There to her heart ſad Tragedy addreſt
The dagger, wont to pierce the tyrant's breaſt;
But ſober Hiſtory reſtrain'd her rage,
And promis'd vengeance on a barb'rous age.
There ſunk Thalia, nerveleſs, cold, and dead,
Had not her ſiſter Satire held her head:
Nor could'ſt thou, Cheſterfield! a tear refuſe,
Thou wept'ſt, and with thee wept each gentle Muſe.
When, lo! a harlot form ſoft ſliding by,
With mincing ſtep, ſmall voice, and languid eye;
Foreign her air, her robe's diſcordant pride
In patch-work flutt'ring, and her head aſide;
By ſinging peers upheld on either hand,
She tripp'd and laugh'd, too pretty much to ſtand;
Caſt on the proſtrate Nine a ſcornful look,
Then thus in quaint recitativo ſpoke.
O Cara! Cara! ſilence all that train;
Joy to great Chaos! let Diviſion reign:

IMITATIONS.

℣. 54. *Joy to great Chaos!*]
"Joy to great Caeſar!"
The beginning of a famous old ſong.

Chromatic tortures ſoon ſhall drive them hence,
Break all their nerves, and fritter all their ſenſe:
One trill ſhall harmonize joy, grief, and rage,
Wake the dull Church, and lull the ranting Stage;
To the ſame notes thy ſon ſhall hum, or ſnore,
And all thy yawning daughters cry, *Encore.*
Another Phœbus, thy own Phœbus, reigns,
Joys in my jigs, and dances in my chains.
But ſoon, ah ſoon, rebellion will commence,
If muſic meanly borrows aid from ſenſe:
Strong in new arms, lo! giant Handel ſtands,
Like bold Briareus, with a hundred hands;
To ſtir, to rouſe, to ſhake the ſoul he comes,
And Jove's own thunders follow Mars's drums.
Arreſt him, Empreſs, or you ſleep no more—
She heard, and drove him to the Hibernian ſhore.
  And now had Fame's poſterior trumpet blown,
And all the nations ſummon'd to the throne.
The young, the old, who feel her inward ſway,
One inſtinct ſeizes, and tranſports away.
None need a guide, by ſure attraction led,
And ſtrong impulſive gravity of head:
None want a place, for all their centre found,
Hung to the Goddeſs, and coher'd around.
Not cloſer, orb in orb, conglob'd are ſeen
The buzzing bees about their duſky queen.
  The gath'ring number, as it moves along,
Involves a vaſt involuntary throng,

Who gently drawn, and ftruggling lefs and lefs,
Roll in her vortex, and her pow'r confefs.
Not thofe alone who paffive own her laws,
But who, weak rebels, more advance her caufe.
Whate'er of dunce in college or in town
Sneers at another, in toupee or gown;
Whate'er of mungril no one clafs admits,
A wit with dunces, and a dunce with wits.
Nor abfent they, no members of her ftate,
Who pay her homage in her fons, the great;
Who falfe to Phœbus, bow the knee to Baal,
Or impious, preach his word without a call.
Patrons, who fneak from living worth to dead,
With-hold the penfion, and fet up the head;
Or veft dull Fatt'ry in the facred gown,
Or give from fool to fool the laurel crown;
And (laft and worft) with all the cant of wit,
Without the foul, the Mufe's hypocrite.
There march'd the bard and blockhead fide by fide,
Who rhym'd for hire, and patroniz'd for pride.
Narciffus, prais'd with all a parfon's pow'r,
Look'd a white lily funk beneath a fhow'r.
There mov'd Montalto with fuperior air;
His ftretch'd-out arm difplay'd a volume fair;
Courtiers and patriots in two ranks divide,
Through both he pafs'd, and bow'd from fide to fide,
But as in graceful act, with awful eye,
Compos'd he ftood, bold Benfon thruft him by:

On two unequal crutches propt he came,
Milton's on this, on that one Johnſon's name.
The decent Knight retir'd with ſober rage,
Withdrew his hand, and clos'd the pompous page:
But (happy for him as the times went then)
Appear'd Apollo's may'r and aldermen,
On whom three hundred gold-capt youths await,
To lug the pond'rous volume off in ſtate.
When Dulneſs, ſmiling—"Thus revive the wits!
But murder firſt, and mince them all to bits;
As erſt Medea (cruel, ſo to ſave!)
A new edition of old Æſon gave;
Let ſtandard authors thus, like trophies borne,
Appear more glorious as more hack'd and torn.
And you, my Critics! in the chequer'd ſhade,
Admire new light thro' holes yourſelves have made.
Leave not a foot of verſe, a foot of ſtone,
A page, a grave, that they can call their own;

REMARKS.

℣. 115, *&c.*] Theſe four lines were printed in a ſeparate leaf by Mr. Pope, in the laſt edition which he himſelf gave of the Dunciad, with directions to the printer to put this leaf into its place, as ſoon as Sir T. H.'s Shakeſpeare ſhould be publiſhed.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 114.] What! no reſpect, he cry'd, for Shakeſpeare's page?

IMITATIONS.

℣. 126. *Admire new light*, &c.]
" The ſoul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
" Lets in new light through chinks that time has made."
Waller.

But ſpread, my Sons, your glory thin or thick,
On paſſive paper, or on ſolid brick.
So by each bard an alderman ſhall ſit,
A heavy lord ſhall hang at ev'ry wit,
And while on Fame's triumphal car they ride,
Some ſlave of mine be pinion'd to their ſide."
  Now crowds on crowds around the Goddeſs preſs,
Each eager to preſent the firſt addreſs.
Dunce ſcorning dunce beholds the next advance,
But fop ſhews fop ſuperior complaiſance.
When lo! a ſpectre roſe, whoſe index-hand
Held forth the virtue of the dreadful wand;
His beaver'd brow a birchen garland wears,
Dropping with infants' blood and mothers' tears.
O'er ev'ry vein a ſhudd'ring horror runs,
Eton and Winton ſhake through all their ſons.
All fleſh is humbled, Weſtminſter's bold race
Shrink, and confeſs the genius of the place:
The pale boy-ſenator yet tingling ſtands,
And holds his breeches cloſe with both his hands.
  Then thus. Since man from beaſt by words is known,
Words are man's province, words we teach alone.
When reaſon doubtful, like the Samian letter,
Points him two ways, the narrower is the better.
Plac'd at the door of Learning, youth to guide,
We never ſuffer it to ſtand too wide.

IMITATIONS.

Ver. 142. *Dropping with infants' blood, &c.*]
"Firſt Moloch, horrid king, beſmear'd with blood
"Of human ſacrifice and parents' tears." *Milt.*

To aſk, to gueſs, to know, as they commence,
As Fancy opens the quick ſprings of ſenſe,
We ply the memory, we load the brain,
Bind rebel Wit, and double chain on chain,
Confine the thought, to exerciſe the breath,
And keep them in the pale of words till death.
Whate'er the talents, or howe'er deſign'd,
We hang one jingling padlock on the mind:
A poet the firſt day he dips his quill;
And what the laſt? a very poet ſtill.
Pity! the charm works only in our wall,
Loſt, loſt too ſoon in yonder Houſe or Hall.
There truant Wyndham ev'ry muſe gave o'er,
There Talbot ſunk, and was a wit no more!
How ſweet an Ovid Murray, was our boaſt!
How many Martials were in Pult'ney loſt!
Elſe ſure ſome bard, to our eternal praiſe,
In twice ten thouſand rhyming nights and days,
Had reach'd the work, the All that mortal can,
And South beheld that maſterpiece of man.
  Oh (cry'd the Goddeſs) for ſome pedant reign!
Some gentle James, to bleſs the land again;
To ſtick the doctor's chair into the throne,
Give law to words, or war with words alone,
Senates and courts with Greek and Latin rule,
And turn the counſel to a grammar ſchool!
For ſure if Dulneſs ſees a grateful day,
'Tis in the ſhade of arbitrary ſway.

O! if my ſons may learn one earthly thing,
Teach but that one, ſufficient for a king;
That which my prieſts, and mine alone, maintain,
Which, as it dies, or lives, we fall, or reign:
May you, my Cam, and Iſis, preach it long!
"The right divine of kings to govern wrong."
  Prompt at the call, around the Goddeſs roll
Broad hats, and hoods, and caps, a ſable ſhoal:
Thick and more thick the black blocade extends,
A hundred head of Ariſtotle's friends.
Nor wert thou, Iſis! wanting to the day,
[Though Chriſt-church long kept prudiſhly away.]
Each ſtaunch Polemic, ſtubborn as a rock,
Each fierce Logician, ſtill expelling Locke,
Came whip and ſpur, and daſh'd thro' thin and thick
On German Crouzaz, and Dutch Burgerſdyck.
As many quit the ſtreams that murm'ring fall
To lull the ſons of Marg'ret and Clare-hall,
Where Bentley late tempeſtuous wont to ſport
In troubled waters, but now ſleeps in Port.
Before them march'd that awful Ariſtarch;
Plow'd was his front with many a deep remark:
His hat, which never veil'd to human Pride,
Walker with rev'rence took, and laid aſide.

REMARKS.

℣. 196. —*ſtill expelling Locke.*] In the year 1703 there was a meeting of the heads of the Univerſity of Oxford to cenſure Mr. Locke's Eſſay on Human Underſtanding, and to forbid the reading it. See his Letters in the laſt edit.

Low bow'd the reſt: he, kingly, did but nod;
So upright Quakers pleaſe both man and God.
Miſtreſs! diſmiſs that rabble from your throne:
Avaunt——is Ariſtarchus yet unknown?
Thy mighty ſcholiaſt, whoſe unweary'd pains
Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's ſtrains.
Turn what they will to verſe, their toil is vain,
Critics like me ſhall make it proſe again.
Roman and Greek grammarians! know your better;
Author of ſomething yet more great than letter;
While tow'ring o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
'Tis true, on words is ſtill our whole debate,
Diſpute of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*,
To ſound or ſink in *cano*, O or A,
Or give up Cicero to C or K.
Let Freind affect to ſpeak as Terence ſpoke,
And Alſop never but like Horace joke:

REMARKS.

℣. 223, 224. *Freind—Alſop.*] Dr. Robert Freind, maſter of Weſtminſter-ſchool, and canon of Chriſt-church——Dr. Anthony Alſop, a happy imitator of the Horatian ſtyle.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 207. *He, kingly, did but nod.*]
"——He, kingly from his ſtate
"Declin'd not."—— Milton.

℣. 210. —*is Ariſtarchus yet unknown?*
"Sic notus Ulyſſes?" *Virg.*
"Doſt thou not feel me, Rome?" *Ben Johnſon.*

℣. 215. *Roman and Greek grammarians,* &c.] Imitated from Propertius, ſpeaking of the Aeneid,
"Cedite, Romani ſcriptores, cedite Graii!
"*Neſcio quid majus* naſcitur Iliade."

For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
Manilius or Solinus ſhall ſupply:
For Attic phraſe in Plato let them ſeek,
I poach in Suidas for unlicens'd Greek.
In ancient ſenſe if any needs will deal,
Be ſure I give them fragments, not a meal;
What Gellius or Stobæus haſh'd before,
Or chew'd by blind old ſcholiaſts o'er and o'er.
The critic eye, that microſcope of wit,
Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit.
How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
The body's harmony, the beaming ſoul,
Are things which Kuſter, Burman, Waſſe ſhall ſee,
When man's whole frame is obvious to a flea.
  Ah, think not, Miſtreſs! more true Dulneſs lies
In Folly's cap, than Wiſdom's grave diſguiſe.
Like buoys, that never ſink into the flood,
On Learning's ſurface we but lie and nod.
Thine is the genuine head of many a houſe,
And much divinity without a Νοῦς.
Nor could a Barrow work on ev'ry block,
Nor has one Atterbury ſpoil'd the flock.

REMARKS.

Ỳ. 228, &c. *Suidas, Gellius, Stobæus.*] The firſt a dictionary-writer, a collector of impertinent facts and barbarous words; the ſecond a minute critic; the third an author, who gave his common-place book to the Public, where we happen to find much mince-meat of old books.

Ỳ. 245, 246. *Barrow—Atterbury.*] Iſaac Barrow, Maſter of Trinity, Francis Atterbury Dean of Chriſt-church. both great geniuſes and eloquent preachers; one more converſant

See! ſtill thy own, the heavy canon roll,
And metaphyſic ſmokes involve the pole.
For thee we dim the eyes, and ſtuff the head
With all ſuch reading as was never read:
For thee explain a thing till all men doubt it,
And write about it, Goddeſs, and about it:
So ſpins the ſilk-worm ſmall its ſlender ſtore,
And labours till it clouds itſelf all o'er.
  What though we let ſome better ſort of fool
Thrid ev'ry ſcience, run through ev'ry ſchool?
Never by tumbler through the hoops was ſhown
Such ſkill in paſſing all, and touching none.
He may indeed (if ſober all this time)
Plague with diſpute, or perſecute with rhyme.
We only furniſh what he cannot uſe,
Or wed to what he muſt divorce, a Muſe:
Full in the midſt of Euclid dip at once,
And petrify a genius to a dunce:
Or ſet on metaphyſic ground to prance,
Show all his paces, not a ſtep advance.
With the ſame cement, ever ſure to bind,
We bring to one dead level ev'ry mind:
Then take him to develope, if you can,
And hew the block off, and get out the man.

REMARKS.

in the ſublime geometry, the other in claſſical learning; but who equally made it their care to advance the polite arts in their ſeveral ſocieties.

But wherefore waſte I words? I ſee advance
Whore, pupil, and lac'd governor from France.
Walker! our hat—nor more he deign'd to ſay,
ut, ſtern as Ajax' ſpectre, ſtrode away.
In flow'd at once a gay embroider'd race,
And titt'ring puſh'd the pedants off the place:
Some would have ſpoken, but the voice was drown'd
By the French horn, or by the op'ning hound.
The firſt came forwards with an eaſy mien,
As if he ſaw St. James's and the Queen.
When thus th' attendant Orator begun;
Receive, great Empreſs! thy accompliſh'd ſon:
Thine from the birth, and ſacred from the rod,
A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.
The ſire ſaw, one by one, his virtues wake;
The mother begg'd the bleſſing of a rake.
Thou gav'ſt that ripeneſs which ſo ſoon began,
And ceas'd ſo ſoon, he ne'er was boy nor man,
Through ſchool and college, thy kind cloud o'ercaſt,
Safe and unſeen the young Æneas paſt:
Thence burſting glorious, all at once let down,
Stunn'd with his giddy larum half the town.
Intrepid then, o'er ſeas and lands he flew;
Europe he ſaw, and Europe ſaw him too.
There all thy gifts and graces we diſplay,
Thou, only thou, directing all our way!

IMITATIONS.

℣. 284. *A dauntleſs infant! never ſcar'd with God.*]
"—ſine Dis animoſus Infans." *Hor.*

To where the Seine, obſequious as ſhe runs,
Pours at great Bourbon's feet her ſilken ſons;
Or Tyber, now no longer Roman, rolls,
Vain of Italian arts, Italian ſouls:
To happy convents, boſom'd deep in vines,
Where ſlumber abbots, purple as their wines:
To iſles of fragrance, lily-ſilver'd vales,
Diffuſing languor in the panting gales:
To lands of ſinging, or of dancing ſlaves,
Love-whiſp'ring woods, and lute-reſounding waves.
But chief her ſhrine where naked Venus keeps,
And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps;
Where, eas'd of fleets, the Adriatic main
Wafts the ſmooth eunuch and enamour'd ſwain.
Led by my hand, he ſaunter'd Europe round,
And gather'd ev'ry vice on Chriſtian ground;
Saw ev'ry court, heard ev'ry king declare
His royal ſenſe, of op'ras or the fair;
The ſtews and palace equally explor'd,
Intrigu'd with glory, and with ſpirit whor'd;
Try'd all *hors-d'œuvres*, all *liqueurs* defin'd,
Judicious drank, and greatly-daring din'd;

REMARKS.

℣. 307. *But chief*, &c.] Theſe two lines, in their force of imagery and colouring, emulate and equal the pencil of Rubens.

℣. 308. *And Cupids ride the Lion of the deeps.*] The winged Lyon, the arms of Venice. This republic was heretofore the moſt conſiderable in Europe for her naval force, and the extent of her commerce; now illuſtrious for her Carnivals.

Dropt the dull lumber of the Latin ſtore,
Spoil'd his own language, and acquir'd no more;
All claſſic learning loſt on claſſic ground;
And laſt turn'd Air, the echo of a ſound!
See now, half-cur'd, and perfectly well bred,
With nothing but a ſolo in his head;
As much eſtate, and principle, and wit,
As Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber, ſhall think fit;
Stol'n from a duel, follow'd by a nun,
And, if a borough chuſe him, not undone;
See, to my country happy I reſtore
This glorious youth, and add one Venus more.
Her too receive, (for her my ſoul adores)
So may the ſons of ſons of ſons of whores,
Prop thine, O Empreſs! like each neighbour throne,
And make a long poſterity thy own.
Pleas'd, ſhe accepts the hero, and the dame,
Wraps in her veil, and frees from ſenſe of ſhame.
  Then look'd, and ſaw a lazy, lolling ſort,
Unſeen at church, at ſenate, or at court,

REMARKS.

ỳ. 326. —*Janſen, Fleetwood, Cibber.*] Three very eminent perſons, all managers of plays; who, though not governors by profeſſion, had, each in his way, concerned themſelves in the education of youth, and regulated their wits, their morals, or their finances, at that period of their age which is the moſt important, their entrance into the polite world. Of the laſt of theſe, and his talents for this end, ſee Book I. ver. 199, *&c.*

IMITATIONS.

ỳ. 332. *So may the ſons of ſons,* &c.]
"Et nati natorum, et qui naſcentur ab illis." *Virg.*

Of ever-liſtleſs loit'rers, that attend
No cauſe, no truſt, no duty, and no friend.
Thee too, my Paridel! ſhe mark'd thee there,
Stretch'd on the rack of a too eaſy chair,
And heard thy everlaſting yawn confeſs
The pains and penalties of idleneſs.
She pity'd! but her pity only ſhed
Benigner influence on thy nodding head.
But Annius, crafty ſeer, with ebon wand,
And well-diſſembled em'rald on his hand,
Falſe as his gems, and canker'd as his coins,
Came, cramm'd with capon, from where Pollio dines.
Soft, as the wily fox is ſeen to creep,
Where baſk on ſunny banks the ſimple ſheep,
Walk round and round, now prying here, now there,
So he; but pious, whiſper'd firſt his pray'r.
Grant, gracious Goddeſs! grant me ſtill to cheat!
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!
Thy choicer miſts on this aſſembly ſhed,
But pour them thickeſt on the noble head.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 342. *Stretch'd on the rack——*
And heard, &c.]
"Sedet, *æternumque ſedebit!*
"Infelix Theſeus, Phlegyaſque *miſerrimus* omnes
"Admonet."—— *Virg.*

℣. 355. —— *grant me ſtill to cheat!*
O may thy cloud ſtill cover the deceit!]
"—— Da, pulchra Laverna,
"Da mihi fallere——
"Noctem peccatis et fraudibus objice nubem." *Hor.*

So ſhall each youth, aſſiſted by our eyes,
See other Cæſars, other Homers riſe;
Thro' twilight ages hunt th' Athenian fowl,
Which Chalcis gods, and mortals call an owl.
Now ſee an Attys, now a Cecrops clear,
Nay, Mahomet! the pigeon at thine ear;
Be rich in ancient braſs, tho' not in gold,
And keep his lares, tho' his houſe be ſold;
To headleſs Phœbe his fair bride poſtpone,
Honour a Syrian prince above his own;
Lord of an Otho, if I vouch it true;
Bleſs'd in one Niger, till he knows of two.
  Mummius o'erheard him; Mummius, fool-renown'd,
Who, like his Cheops, ſtinks above the ground,
Fierce as a ſtartled adder, ſwell'd, and ſaid,
Rattling an ancient ſiſtrum at his head:
  Speak'ſt thou of Syrian princes? traitor baſe!
Mine, Goddeſs! mine is all the horned race.
True, he had wit to make their value riſe;
From fooliſh Greeks to ſteal them, was as wiſe;
More glorious yet, from barb'rous hands to keep,
When Sallee rovers chas'd him on the deep.
Then taught by Hermes, and divinely bold,
Down his own throat he riſk'd the Grecian gold,
Receiv'd each demigod, with pious care,
Deep in his entrails—I rever'd them there,

IMITATIONS.

℣. 383. *Receiv'd each demigod.*]
"Emiſſumque ima de ſede Typhoea terrae
"Coelitibus feciſſe metum; cunctoſque dediſſe,

I bought them, ſhrouded in that living ſhrine,
And, at their ſecond birth, they iſſue mine.
 Witneſs great Ammon! by whoſe horns I ſwore,
(Reply'd ſoft Annius) this our paunch before
Still bears them, faithful; and that thus I eat,
Is to refund the medals with the meat.
To prove me, Goddeſs! clear of all deſign,
Bid me with Pollio ſup as well as dine:
There all the learn'd ſhall at the labour ſtand,
And Douglas lend his ſoft obſtetric hand.
 The Goddeſs ſmiling ſeem'd to give conſent;
So back to Pollio hand in hand they went.
 Then thick as locuſts black'ning all the ground,
A tribe, with weeds and ſhells fantaſtic crown'd,
Each with ſome wondrous gift approach'd the Pow'r,
A neſt, a toad, a fungus, or a flow'r.
But far the foremoſt, two, with earneſt zeal,
And aſpect ardent, to the throne appeal.
 The firſt thus open'd: Hear thy ſuppliant's call,
Great Queen, and common mother of us all!
Fair from its humble bed I rear'd this flow'r,
Suckl'd, and cheer'd, with air, and ſun, and ſhow'r.

IMITATIONS.

" Terga fugae: donec feſſos Egyptia tellus
" Ceperit."—— *Ovid.*

℣. 405, &c. *Fair from its humble bed*, &c.——*nam'd it Caroline!*

Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!]

Soft on the paper ruff its leaves I ſpread,
Bright with the gilded button tipt its head.
Then thron'd in glaſs, and nam'd it Caroline:
Each maid cry'd, Charming! and each youth, Divine!
Did Nature's pencil ever blend ſuch rays,
Such vary'd light in one promiſcuous blaze?
Now proſtrate! dead! behold that Caroline:
No maid cries charming! and no youth divine!
And lo the wretch! whoſe vile, whoſe inſect luſt
Laid this gay daughter of the Spring in duſt.
Oh puniſh him, or to th' Elyſian ſhades
Diſmiſs my ſoul, where no carnation fades.
He ceas'd, and wept. With innocence of mien
Th' accus'd ſtood forth, and thus addreſs'd the Queen:
  Of all th' enamel'd race, whoſe ſilv'ry wing
Waves to the tepid zephyrs of the ſpring,
Or ſwims along the fluid atmoſphere,
Once brighteſt ſhin'd this child of heat and air.
I ſaw, and ſtarted from its vernal bow'r
The riſing game, and chas'd from flow'r to flow'r.

IMITATIONS.

Theſe verſes are tranſlated from Catullus, Epith.
  " Ut flos in ſeptis ſecretus naſcitur hortis,
  " Quam mulcet aurae, firmat Sol, educat imber,
  " Multi illum pueri, multae optavere puellae:
  " Idem quum tenui carptus defloruit ungui,
  " Nulli illum pueri, nullae optavere puellae," *&c.*

ℽ. 421. *Of all th' enamel'd race.*] The Poet ſeems to have an eye to Spenſer, Muiopotmos.
  " Of all the race of ſilver-winged flies
  " Which do poſſeſs the empire of the air."

It fled, I follow'd; now in hope, now pain;
It ſtopt, I ſtopt; it mov'd, I mov'd again.
At laſt it fix'd, 'twas on what plant it pleas'd,
And where it fix'd, the beauteous bird I ſeiz'd:
Roſe or carnation was below my care;
I meddle, Goddeſs! only in my ſphere.
I tell the naked fact without diſguiſe,
And, to excuſe it, need but ſhew the prize;
Whoſe ſpoils this paper offers to your eye,
Fair ev'n in death! this peerleſs butterfly.
My ſons! (ſhe anſwer'd) both have done your parts:
Live happy both, and long promote our arts.
But hear a mother, when ſhe recommends
To your fraternal care our ſleeping friends;
The common ſoul, of Heaven's more frugal make,
Serves but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake:
A drowzy watchman, that juſt gives a knock,
And breaks our reſt, to tell us what's a-clock.
Yet by ſome object ev'ry brain is ſtirr'd;
The dull may waken to a humming-bird;

VARIATIONS.

℣. 441. *The common ſoul*, &c.] In the firſt edit. thus:
Of ſouls the greater part, Heav'n's common make,
Serve but to keep fools pert, and knaves awake;
And moſt but find that centinel of God,
A drowſy watchman in the land of Nod.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 427, 428. *It fled, I followed*, &c.]
" —— I ſtarted back;
" It ſtarted back; but pleas'd I ſoon return'd;
" *Pleas'd it return'd as ſoon.*"—— *Milt.*

The moſt recluſe, diſcreetly open'd, find
Congenial matter in the cockle-kind;
The mind, in metaphyſics at a loſs,
May wander in a wilderneſs of moſs;
The head that turns at ſuperlunar things,
Poiz'd with a tail, may ſteer on Wilkins' wings.
O! would the ſons of men once think their eyes
And reaſon giv'n them but to ſtudy flies!
See Nature in ſome partial narrow ſhape,
And let the author of the whole eſcape:
Learn but to trifle; or, who moſt obſerve,
To wonder at their Maker, not to ſerve.
Be that my taſk (replies a gloomy clerk,
Sworn foe to myſt'ry, yet divinely dark;
Whoſe pious hope aſpires to ſee the day
When moral evidence ſhall quite decay,
And damns implicit faith, and holy lies,
Prompt to impoſe, and fond to dogmatize:)
Let others creep by timid ſteps, and ſlow,
On plain experience lay foundations low,
By common ſenſe to common knowledge bred,
And laſt, to Nature's cauſe thro' Nature led.
All-ſeeing in thy miſts, we want no guide,
Mother of arrogance, and ſource of pride!

REMARKS.

℣. 452. — *Wilkins' wings.*] One of the firſt projectors of the Royal Society, who, among many enlarged and uſeful notions, entertained the extravagant hope of a poſſibility to fly to the moon; which has put ſome volatile geniuſes upon making wings for that purpoſe.

We nobly take the high Priori road,
And reaſon downward, till we doubt of God:
Make Nature ſtill incroach upon his plan,
And ſhove him off as far as e'er we can:
Thruſt ſome mechanic cauſe into his place,
Or bind in matter, or diffuſe in ſpace:
Or, at one bound o'er-leaping all his laws,
Make God man's image, man the final Cauſe,
Find virtue local, all relation ſcorn,
See all in Self, and but for ſelf be born:
Of nought ſo certain as our Reaſon ſtill,
Of nought ſo doubtful as of Soul and Will.
Oh hide the God ſtill more! and make us ſee
Such as Lucretius drew, a god like thee:
Wrapt up in ſelf, a god without a thought,
Regardleſs of our merit or default.
Or that bright image to our fancy draw,
Which Theocles in raptur'd viſion ſaw,
While thro' poetic ſcenes the Genius roves,
Or wanders wild in academic groves;
That Nature our ſociety adores,
Where Tindal dictates, and Silenus ſnores.
  Rous'd at his name, up-roſe the bowzy ſire,
And ſhook from out his pipe the ſeeds of fire;
Then ſnapt his box, and ſtroak'd his belly down;
Roſy and rev'rend, tho' without a gown.

REMARKS.

℣. 492. *Silenus.*] Silenus was an Epicurean philoſopher, as appears from Virgil, Ecl. vi. where he ſings the principles of that philoſophy in his drink.

Bland and familiar to the throne he came,
Led up the youth, and call'd the Goddeſs Dame.
Then thus. From prieſtcraft happily ſet free,
Lo! ev'ry finiſh'd ſon returns to thee:
Firſt ſlave to words, then vaſſal to a name,
Then dupe to party; child and man the ſame;
Bounded by Nature, narrow'd ſtill by art,
A trifling head, and a contracted heart.
Thus bred, thus taught, how many have I ſeen,
Smiling on all, and ſmil'd on by a queen?
Mark'd out for honours, honour'd for their birth,
To thee the moſt rebellious things on earth:
Now to thy gentle ſhadow all are ſhrunk,
All melted down in penſion, or in punk!
So K*, ſo B** ſneak'd into the grave,
A monarch's half, and half a harlot's ſlave.
Poor W** nipt in folly's broadeſt bloom,
Who praiſes now? his chaplain on his tomb.
Then take them all, oh take them to thy breaſt!
Thy Magus, Goddeſs! ſhall perform the reſt.
  With that a wizard old his cup extends,
Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends,

REMARKS.

℣. 517. ——*his cup—Which whoſo taſtes,* &c.] The cup of Self-love, which cauſes a total oblivion of the obliga-

IMITATIONS.

℣. 518. *Which whoſo taſtes, forgets his former friends, —Sire,* &c.] Homer of the Nepenthe, Odyſſ. IV.

Αὐτίκ᾽ ἄρ᾽ εἰς οἶνον βάλε φάρμακον, ἔνθεν ἔπινον
Νηπενθές τ᾽ ἄχολόν τε κακῶν ἐπίληθον ἁπάντων.

Sire, anceſtors, himſelf. One caſts his eyes
Up to a ſtar, and like Endymion dies:
A feather, ſhooting from another's head,
Extracts his brain, and principle is fled;
Loſt is his God, his country, ev'ry thing,
And nothing left but homage to a king!
The vulgar herd turn off to roll with hogs,
To run with horſes, or to hunt with dogs;
But, ſad example! never to eſcape
Their infamy, ſtill keep the human ſhape.
  But ſhe, good Goddeſs, ſent to every child
Firm Impudence, or Stupefaction mild;
And ſtraight ſucceeded, leaving Shame no room,
Cibberian forehead, or Cimmerian gloom.
  Kind Self-conceit to ſome her glaſs applies,
Which no one looks in with another's eyes:
But as the flatt'rer or dependent paint,
Beholds himſelf a patriot, chief, or ſaint.
  On others' int'reſt her gay liv'ry flings,
Int'reſt, that waves on party-colour'd wings:
Turn'd to the ſun, ſhe caſts a thouſand dyes,
And, as ſhe turns, the colours fall or riſe.
  Others the Syren Siſters warble round,
And empty heads conſole with empty ſound.

REMARKS.

tions of friendſhip or honour; and of the ſervice of God or our country; all ſacrificed to vain-glory, court-worſhip, or the yet meaner conſiderations of lucre and brutal pleaſures. From ver. 520, to 528.

No more, alas! the voice of Fame they hear,
The balm of Dulneſs trickling in their ear.
Great C**, H**, P**, R**, K*,
Why all your toils? your ſons have learn'd to ſing.
How quick Ambition haſtes to ridicule!
The ſire is made a peer, the ſon a fool.
  On ſome, a prieſt ſuccinct in amice white
Attends; all fleſh is nothing in his ſight!
Beeves, at his touch, at once to jelly turn,
And the huge boar is ſhrunk into an urn:
The board with ſpecious miracles he loads,
Turns hares to larks, and pigeons into toads.
Another (for in all what one can ſhine?)
Explains the *ſeve* and *verdeur* of the vine.
What cannot copious ſacrifice atone?
Thy treufles, Perigord! thy hams, Bayonne!
With French libation, and Italian ſtrain,
Waſh Bladen white, and expiate Hays's ſtain.
Knight lifts the head; for what are crowds undone,
To three eſſential partridges in one?
Gone ev'ry bluſh, and ſilent all reproach,
Contending princes mount them in their coach.
  Next bidding all draw near on bended knees,
The Queen confers her titles and degrees.

REMARKS.

℣. 560. —*Bladen—Hays.*] Names of gameſters. Bladen is a black man. Robert Knight Caſhier of the South-ſea Company, who fled from England in 1720, (afterwards pardoned in 1742.)—Theſe lived with the utmoſt magnificence at Paris, and kept open tables frequented by perſons of the firſt quality of England, and even by princes of the blood of France.

Her children firſt of more diſtinguiſh'd ſort,
Who ſtudy Shakeſpeare at the Inns of Court,
Impale a glow-worm, or vertú profeſs,
Shine in the dignity of F. R. S.
Some, deep Free-maſons, join the ſilent race,
Worthy to fill Pythagoras's place:
Some botaniſts, or floriſts at the leaſt,
Or iſſue members of an annual feaſt.
Nor paſt the meaneſt unregarded, one
Roſe a Gregorian, one a Gormogon.
The laſt, not leaſt in honour or applauſe,
Iſis and Cam made Doctors of her Laws.
  Then, bleſſing all, Go, children of my care!
To practice now from theory repair.
All my commands are eaſy, ſhort, and full:
My Sons! be proud, be ſelfiſh, and be dull.
Guard my prerogative, aſſert my throne:
This nod confirms each privilege your own.
The cap and ſwitch be ſacred to his Grace;
With ſtaff and pumps the Marquis leads the race;
From ſtage to ſtage the licens'd Earl may run,
Pair'd with his fellow-charioteer the Sun;
The learned Baron butterflies deſign,
Or draw to ſilk arachne's ſubtile line;
The Judge to dance his brother ſerjeant call;
The Senator at cricket urge the ball;
The Biſhop ſtow (pontific luxury!)
An hundred ſouls of turkeys in a pye;

The ſturdy Squire to Gallic maſters ſtoop,
And drown his lands and manors in a ſoup.
Others import yet nobler arts from France,
Teach kings to fiddle, and make ſenates dance.
Perhaps more high ſome daring ſon may ſoar,
Proud to my liſt to add one monarch more;
And, nobly conſcious princes are but things
Born for firſt miniſters, as ſlaves for kings,
Tyrant ſupreme! ſhall three eſtates command,
And make one mighty Dunciad of the land!
More ſhe had ſpoke, but yawn'd—All Nature nods:
What mortal can reſiſt the yawn of gods ?
Churches and Chapels inſtantly it reach'd;
(St. James's firſt, for leaden G— preach'd;)
Then catch'd the Schools; the Hall ſcarce kept awake;
The Convocation gap'd, but could not ſpeak :
Loſt was the Nation's ſenſe, nor could be found,
While the long ſolemn uniſon went round :
Wide, and more wide, it ſpread o'er all the realm;
Ev'n Palinurus nodded at the helm :
The vapour mild o'er each Committee crept;
Unfiniſh'd treaties in each office ſlept;
And chiefleſs Armies doz'd out the campaign;
And Navies yawn'd for orders on the main.
O Muſe! relate, (for you can tell alone,
Wits have ſhort memories, and dunces none)
Relate who firſt, who laſt, reſign'd to reſt;
Whoſe heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt;

What charms could faction, what ambition lull,
The venal quiet, and intrance the dull;
Till drown'd was Senſe, and Shame, and Right, and
Wrong—
O ſing, and huſh the nations with thy ſong!

* * * * * *

In vain, in vain—the all-compoſing hour
Reſiſtleſs falls: the Muſe obeys the pow'r.
She comes! ſhe comes! the ſable throne behold
Of Night primeval, and of Chaos old!
Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying rainbows die away.
Wit ſhoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flaſh expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's ſtrain,
The ſick'ning ſtars fade off the ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes, by Hermes' wand oppreſt,
Clos'd one by one to everlaſting reſt;
Thus at her felt approach, and ſecret might,
Art after Art goes out, and all is night.

IMITATIONS.

℣. 621. *Relate who firſt, who laſt, reſign'd to reſt;*
Whoſe heads ſhe partly, whoſe completely bleſt.]
" Quem telo primum, quem poſtremum *aſpera Virgo*
" Dejicis? aut quot humi, *morientia corpora* fundis?"
Virg.

℣. 637. *As Argus' eyes,* &c.]
" Et quamvis ſopor eſt oculorum parte receptus,
" Parte tamen vigilat—
" — Vidit Cyllenius omnes
" Succubuiſſe oculos," *&c.* *Ovid,* Met. II.

See ſculking Truth to her old cavern fled,
Mountains of Caſuiſtry heap'd o'er her head!
Philoſophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her ſecond cauſe, and is no more.
Phyſic of Metaphyſic begs defence,
And Metaphyſic calls for aid on Senſe!
See Myſtery to Mathematics fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion, bluſhing, veils her ſacred fires,
And unawares Morality expires.
Nor Public flame, nor Private, dares to ſhine;
Nor Human ſpark is left, nor glimpſe Divine!
Lo! thy dread empire, Chaos! is reſtor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And univerſal Darkneſs buries All.

VARIATIONS.

℣. 643.] In the former edit. it ſtood thus:
Philoſophy, that reach'd the heav'ns *before*,
Shrinks to her hidden cauſe, *and is no more*.
And this was intended as a cenſure of the Newtonian philoſophy. For the Poet had been miſled by the prejudices of foreigners, as if that philoſophy had recurred to the occult qualities of Ariſtotle. This was the idea he received of it from a man educated much abroad, who had read every thing, but every thing ſuperficially. Had his excellent friend, Dr. A. been conſulted in this matter, it is certain that ſo unjuſt a reflection had never diſcredited ſo noble a Satire. When I hinted to him how he had been impoſed upon, he changed the lines, with great pleaſure, into a compliment (as they now ſtand) on that divine genius, and a ſatire on the folly by which he, the Poet himſelf, had been miſled.

End of the DUNCIAD.

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THE END.